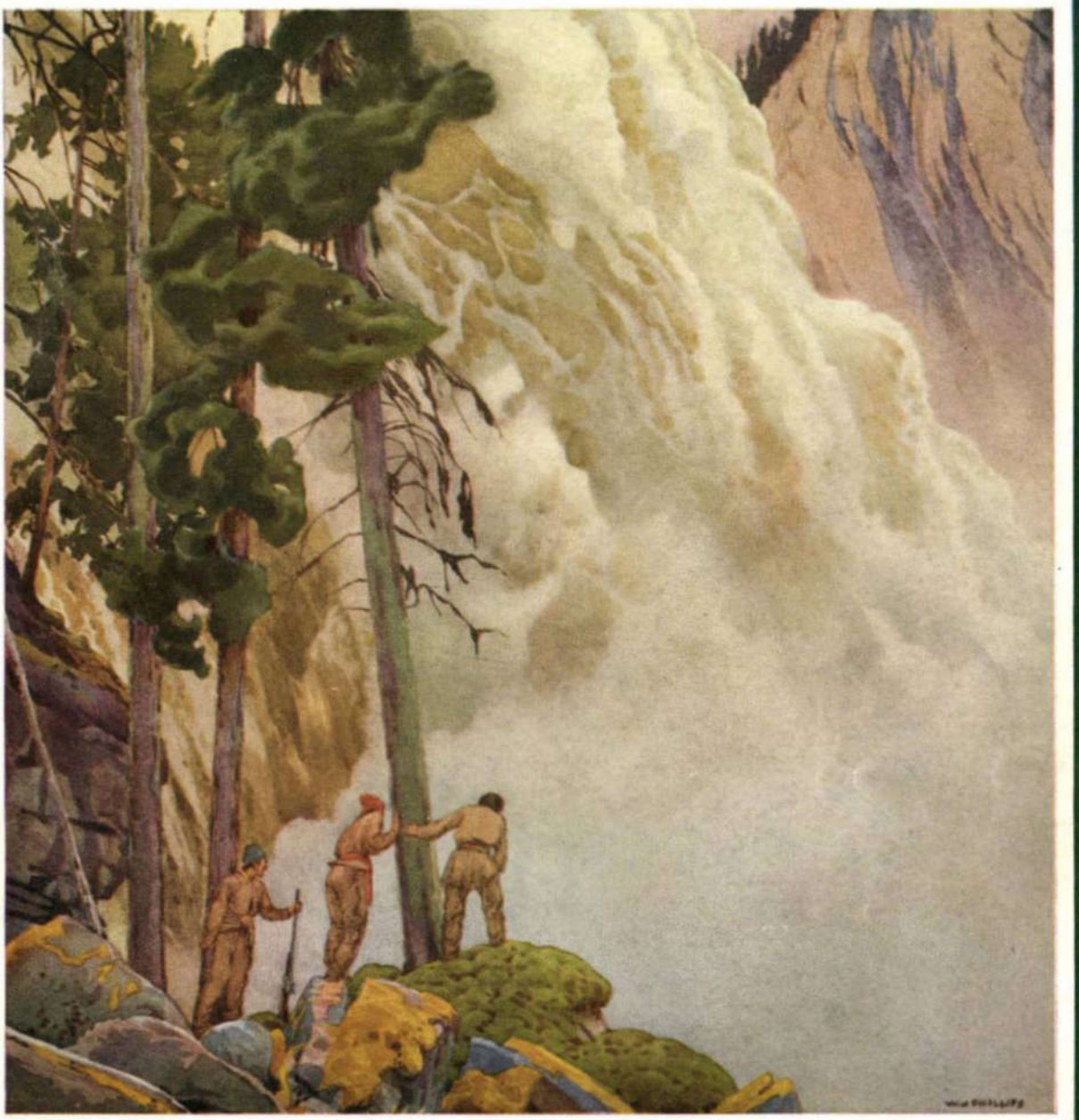

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

AUTUMN, 1955

Eighteen white pelts of Canada's Arctic fox went into this evening cloak which travelled this year to fashion shows in Paris, Milan and Brussels. It was shown in Europe by the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce and is currently on display at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Clifford Wilson, Editor

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — Hudson's Bay Company. — WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Subscription, $2.00 a year; $5.00 for three years; single copies, 50c. THE BEAVER is authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa. Its editorial interests include the whole field of life and activity in the Canadian North, past and present, as well as the history of the more southerly regions, in both Canada and the United States, where Canadian fur traders formerly carried on business. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscript or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights may be given upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada; the engravings are made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited

Goliath had nothing on Ole . . .

THE MAD GIANT AND

ALL through his arduous course of training, the Mounted Police recruit was buoyed by the hope of reward for all the misery endured. The reward, if he was lucky, was being posted to detachment duty, somewhere away out on the wide prairie, where he would begin to learn a lot more.

The prospect of riding the plains as a sort of monarch of all he surveyed, was of course a thrilling one, and the fact that one's ideas about it all required frequent and often violent re-adjustments, in no way detracted from the enjoyment.

There was, for instance, the little matter of lunatics. The remoter homesteading districts yielded quite a harvest of afflicted ones, especially at the end of a long and lonely winter, and the bringing of them in was often anything but a cocktail party. My first such customer wasn't a homesteader, he was a huge Swede who worked on a section gang, and had a sort of Paul Bunyan reputation as a lad of prodigious strength, who juggled railroad ties like ping-pong balls, and twisted lengths of steel rail like pretzels.

The account of his sudden divorce from sanity was brought in by some pop-eyed section hands whose lack of English and surplus of gesticulations gave a horrendous picture of violence and devastation. After a lot of patient listening and a lot of guessing, and the making of a lot of notes in a little red notebook, I drove with a team and buggy to the scene of the alleged carnage, which was a bunkhouse for the section hands, alongside the railroad some fifteen miles east of town. Regulations prohibit the carrying of firearms or the use of handcuffs when apprehending lunatics. If he became unduly violent the unfortunate one could be confined in a canvas strait-jacket, but as it would need at least three large constables and one giant economy-size corporal to lure a berserk giant into one of those contraptions, the knowledge that such a procedure was officially sanctioned did little to help one's morale.

There was no sign of the mad giant when I arrived. There was no sign of the section crew, either. I hunted for them, and found them huddled on a handcar half a mile down the track, ready to pump themselves all the way to Halifax at the first sound of further trouble. I admit feeling rather inadequate as I approached the bunkhouse, and after I viewed the wreckage I felt positively naked. Strewn on the ground was what remained of the cabin door. The only way I recognized what it was, was by the presence of a lock and some door knobs amongst the pile of kindling wood. A few feet away, looking like snakes which had become petrified in the midst of their writhing convulsions, were the tortured remains of a couple of iron bedsteads. I pictured the giant Ole—yes, that really was his name—twisting those iron bedsteads in his hairy fists, and wondered how long it would take him to twist *me* likewise before I had time to get the strait-jacket from under the buggy seat, read the instructions, hunt up the section crew and convince them that it was their duty to assist an officer of the law when called upon, and then persuade Ole to let us truss him up all shipshape and Bristol fashion.

I knew, though, that it would be futile to expect any help from the section crew. One look at their blanched cheeks and quavering jaws had told me that they would cheerfully accept ten years in the hoosegow before they would again face Ole the Terror. So I went right up to that cabin, a solitary policeman, alone in the flat vastness, humming a carefree tune to drown the noise of the butterflies in my stomach. Right up to that black hole where the door had been, now a sinister aperture gaping like a vast mouth. Slowly I edged forward, expecting every second to see a slavering maniac come leaping out to clutch me in his Paul Bunyan paws, and squash me into marmalade before you would say, "Well, for Pete's sakes, Ole, fancy meeting you here. My, but it's a small world. Remember the times we use to have in Stockholm in the old Gamla Staden before the Riddarhustorg got burned?"

But only the loud thumping of my heart sounded in the silence of the Saskatchewan afternoon—that, and the shrill contemptuous laughter of a grasshopper sitting near the cast iron cookstove which Ole had tossed through a window.

But, " 'Tis duty, duty, first and last, the Crimson Manual saith," according to our Yukon poet, so I continued to advance in the correct military formation of one foot lightly on the ground, the other one in the air, ready to leap any-which-way when the roaring started. I peered cautiously, and after a lot of squinting into the gloom espied Ole. He was sitting on the only unbroken chair, squeezing a heavy coffee pot which he had already flattened no thicker than a piece of toast. He was singing, too, in a pensive monotone, probably a love ditty about some flaxen-braided beauty in the old Gamla Staden. Forgetting rules and regulations I thoughtlessly picked up an iron bar which had recently been wrenched from a flat car. I whispered a hurried prayer, then,

"Hello, Ole."

• Mr. Taylor, who is on the editorial staff of the Kamloops *Sentinel*, served with the Mounted Police for fifteen years in Western Canada before and after World War I.

by Harry Taylor

THE MOUNTIE

DRAWINGS BY JAMES SIMPKINS

Nothing happened.

"How you doing?"

Nothing happened. My voice was sounding stronger each minute, the tremolo had gone out of it, and my knees had stopped curtseying to each other. Toying absently with the iron bar, I came closer. Ole was certainly a sizeable lump of a lad, his torn shirt revealed a torso that was not only Herculean, but even more so, and he had now got that coffee pot squeezed thin enough to use for cigarette papers. I did not bother to look at his eyes; all madmen have staring, glittering eyes, anyway. I was looking at his feet, ready to move when they moved. But his feet remained as inert as all the rest of Ole—all except those enormous hands. They were still twisting convulsively, and as soon as the pot dissolved into dust would probably start twisting me.

I seemed to be staring up at the Eiffel Tower.

There is a popular belief that when one is facing what seems to be certain death, scenes from one's past flash by in quick succession. It didn't happen that way with me, except in reverse. The scenes that *I* saw flashing past were all of the future; the mangled, scarlet-clad body asprawl in the prairie sunlight, Ole in the background pushing a freight train over the embankment, the big black newspaper headlines, "Berserk Brute Disembowels Intrepid Constable" and, "Devotion to Duty Leaves Mountie Minus Gizzard and Assorted Parts," and then the majestic spectacle of the military funeral, unfortunately marred by the middle pallbearer on the left being out of step.

As I stood there, mulling over various plans for action, Ole suddenly stood up. His head brushed the seven-foot ceiling, and I seemed to be staring up at the Eiffel Tower.

"What you want?" he thundered.

As his tremendous voice vibrated the building, window casings fell out and bits of shingles clattered off the roof. Some will term my reply a spontaneous reaction of sheer terror. Others, including me, will label it brilliant intuition. I said,

"I want a drink."

In the brief silence that followed, Ole's indrawn snortings sucked up dust from the floor like a powerful vacuum cleaner.

"By yiminy, I bane got no drink," Ole boomed.

I detected a thirsty note in his voice, a wistful desire for that which maketh glad the heart of man.

"I've got a bottle," I lied, quickly. "Let's go get it."

Ole took a deep breath, and for a moment a life hung in the balance.

"That's good," Ole said.

I was careful to keep the man mountain in front of me as we walked over to the buggy. When he climbed aboard, the axles bent alarmingly, and the wheels went slightly oval, but the team managed to get us moving. For a mile or so the road paralleled the track, and when we passed the handcar, still poised, as it were, for flight, the crew took off their hats and closed their eyes and hurriedly crossed themselves. Ole didn't see them. He was sitting, chin on chest, rumbling fragments of an old Viking ballad, and presently he dozed in the heat of the day, and remained thus until we got back to Badger Grove. To my relief my brother constable came to the door when we pulled up at the detachment. Ole roused when the horses stopped, but we had him inside the building before he was really awake.

The jail cell was a big cage with sides of latticed steel slats, and its door was invitingly wide open. I gestured towards it with a hospitable smile.

"Just step inside, Ole, and I'll go get that bottle for you."

But Ole's brows beetled. He reared back, snorting like a chute-trapped steer.

"NO!" he roared, and went into our two-by-four office, and sat in my chair.

The eyebrows of Blidger, my side-kick, went up. My spirits went down.

"Heap bad medicine," I whispered, "Better get help."

Just then, Huggins, who ran the livery barn, went past the window with Pete Snike who had a half-section just south of town. I hurried out and grabbed an arm of each.

"In the King's name," I hissed, "Stand by action stations."

They came in with me and looked at Ole, who was moodily contemplating his outstretched feet.

"Don't forget his belt and bootlaces," said Blidger.

Regulations required that these be removed before a prisoner was locked in a cell, in case he had any ideas about suicide.

"That's a laugh," I said, "It would need a quarter-inch steel cable to hold this boy off the ground."

"Whatever you say," replied Blidger, who was insufferably sticky about procedure, " but rules are rules, and you know what happened to Spadgett when his prisoner used his suspenders."

I knew only too well. Spadgett had been hauled back into Regina and given a three-month stint as a stable orderly.

"I guess you're right," I said resignedly," Come on Ole, off with your boots."

But Ole had other ideas. The shindy that followed is still spoken of reverently by old-timers as the Bloody Battle of Badger Grove. Things happened fast in the heat of the fray, but certain scenes remain clearly etched in memory, to wit: Huggins, a beefy one-hundred-and-ninety-pounder held off the floor by Ole's neck-encircling right hand, whilst his left stripped off the livery lad's garments as one would peel a banana; Blidger, tossed headfirst into the cell by a contemptuous twist of Ole's forearm; a four-man rush which only subdued the giant when Pete Snike fouled up his air-conditioning, by enfolding the head in a tightly wound cell blanket.

When the cell door finally clanged shut on Ole, the echoes were lost in the shakings of the building and the roarings of the caged one.

"He can't keep it up," Blidger lisped, spitting out a tooth, "He's bound to play out soon."

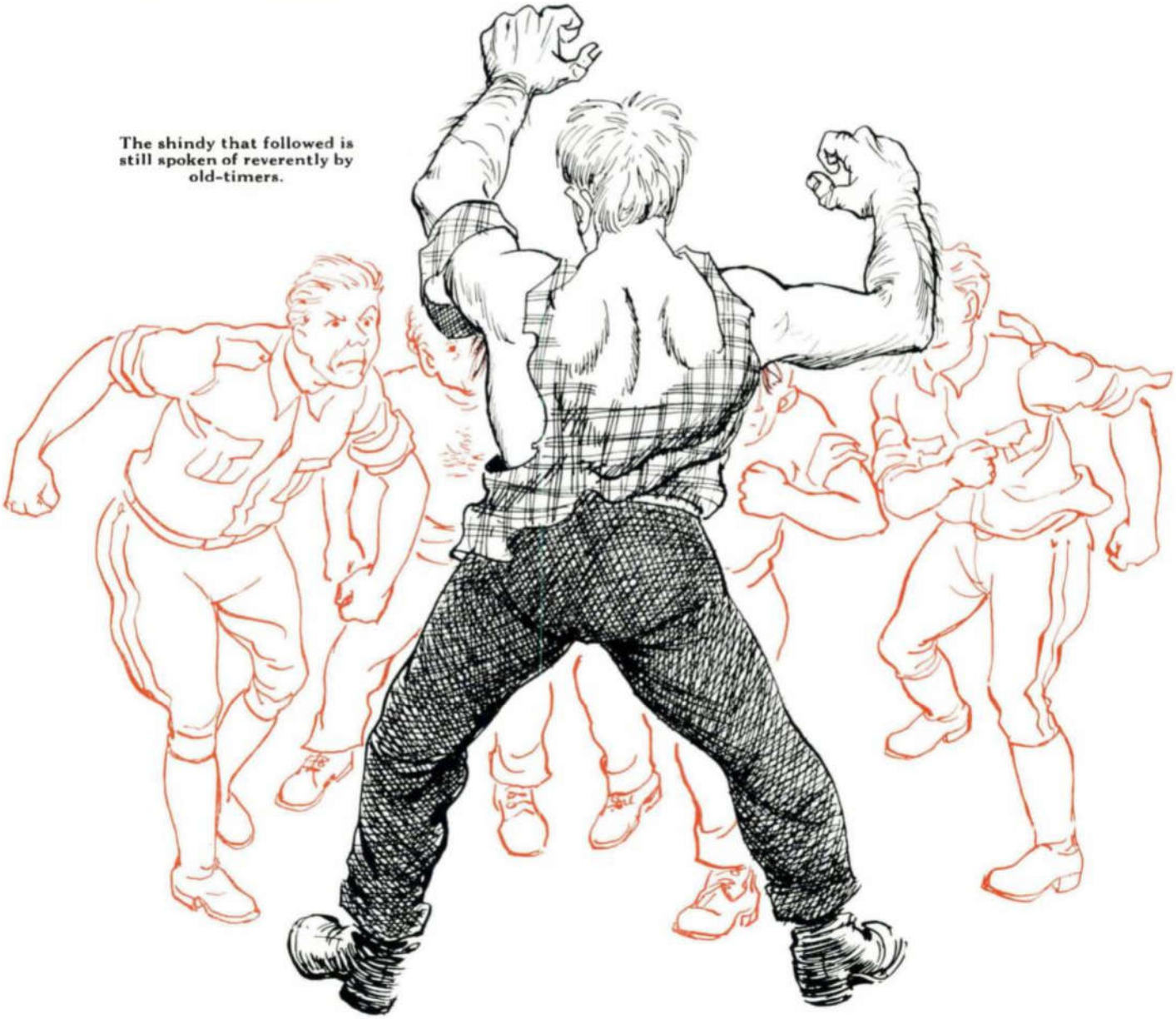
Blidger was within eleven and a half hours of a correct guess, but he did admit that the artisans who rivet steel cells together certainly know their stuff.

After Huggins and Pete Snike patched us up, we patched them up, and they went home, leaving us to clean up the battlefield.

"Well," said Blidger, stepping around a heavy desk which had been driven partly through the floor, "I wouldn't want to go through a hassle like that EVERY day."

"You maybe haven't finished the hassling yet," I said, "you seem to forget that this—this Thing has yet to be taken to Regina, which means a whole day and a whole night on the train."

"Baggage car," Blidger said darkly, "baggage car and straitjacket, plus, if necessary, opium, morphine, and ether, and a forty-pound rock dropped accidentally on a head." ◆



The shindy that followed is still spoken of reverently by old-timers.

SPOKESMAN FOR THE WEST

BY CLAIRE KEEFER

Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, in 1890. The office of the *Edmonton Bulletin* is on the extreme right, the H B C town store the third building on the left. *Ernest Brown Collection, Copyright*

Publisher of the first newspaper in Alberta, member of the first Legislative Council and of the Legislative Assembly which superseded it, member of parliament and Minister of the Interior in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's cabinet, Frank Oliver raised his voice in emphatic, eloquent terms to persuade the Government that the future of Canada was in the West as a whole, and in Alberta in particular.

From the minute he set foot on the beautiful spot overlooking the valley of the Saskatchewan which became his home for the rest of his life—from 1876 until he died in 1932—his faith in Edmonton never wavered.

Mr. Oliver's daughter now recalls some of the stories of his early days in the West, which have been handed down in the family.

CROSSING the prairie by air in a diagonal line from Winnipeg to Edmonton one traverses the exact trail followed by Frank Oliver in 1876. It now takes five hours. It took him three months and three days.

Looking down from the window of the 'plane the land lies stark, naked and grey like some old skeleton. But down on the earth where the grass harp of the prairie plays as many tunes as the sea, one beholds with awe the vastness of these gardens of the desert, "boundless and beautiful, for which the speech of England has no name—the prairies."

My father left his home in Brampton to work for the *Globe* in Toronto when only twelve years old. The paper was then under the management of the great George Brown. He took pity on this slight, delicate young man and installed him as printer's devil.

At the end of three years he had proved his ability to work, but Mr. Brown, alarmed about the boy's health—never robust—and now increasingly plagued by asthma, arranged for him to go to Winnipeg, where he heard the air gave great relief. He also arranged a job for him in the printing office of the old *Nor'wester*, a paper owned and edited by John Schultz, later Sir John Schultz, Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba.

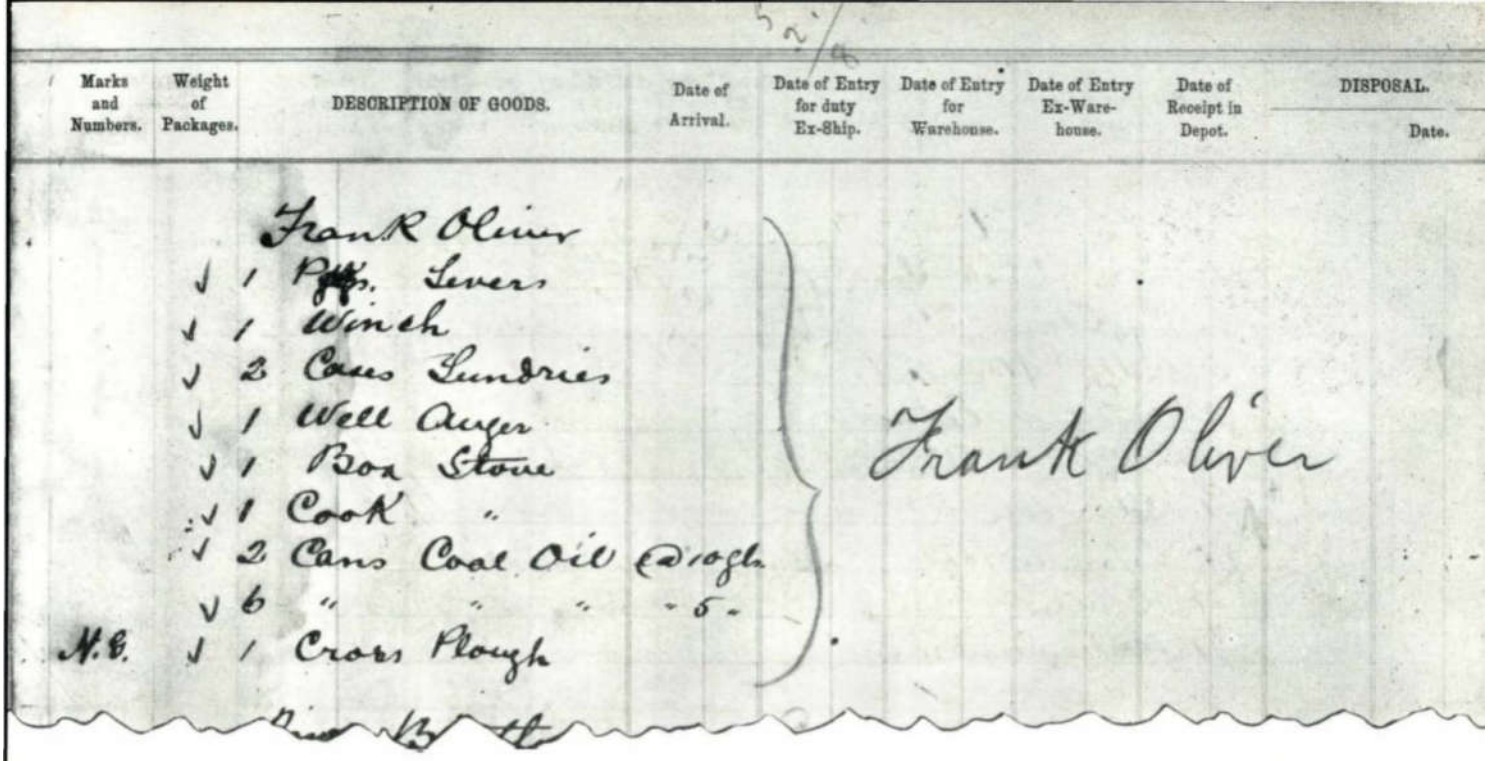
It was only natural that the limitless plains west of Winnipeg should stir the imagination of a restless spirit like my father. As he wandered about the streets of this frontier town in the long summer evenings he would meet men who told wild tales of the country farther west.

The North West Territories were still largely unmapped and the C.P.R., inching its way westward, had not yet reached Winnipeg. So he dreamed of pushing on a thousand miles beyond this outpost of civilization and there establishing his own newspaper.

One day he learned that he had inherited a considerable sum of money. Thanks to the sound advice and steadying influence of Sir John Schultz he first invested some of his magic money in real estate in Winnipeg, then set off for faraway Philadelphia to buy a printing press.

Early in the morning of a young June day in 1876, Frank Oliver hitched his oxen to a wagon, and started west from Winnipeg. Having chosen the shorter and less hazardous overland route rather than the waterway of the Saskatchewan, his decision proved a sound one, for nothing impeded the progress of his plodding oxen until he reached the South Saskatchewan where Saskatoon now stands.

Having left the South Saskatchewan behind he had not been more than two hours away when he came upon the



Marks and Numbers.	Weight of Packages.	DESCRIPTION OF GOODS.	Date of Arrival.	Date of Entry for duty Ex-Ship.	Date of Entry for Warehouse.	Date of Entry Ex-Warehouse.	Date of Receipt in Depot.	DISPOSAL. Date.
		Frank Oliver						
	1	Pkg. Levers						
	1	Winch						
	2	Cans Sundries						
	1	Well Auger						
	1	Box Stone						
	1	Cook "						
	2	Cans Coal Oil (2 Gls						
	6	" " " -6-						
M.C.	1	Crows Plough						

Frank Oliver

This page from a manifest book of the H B C steamers plying the Assiniboine lists supplies shipped to Mr. Oliver from Winnipeg in July 1880. *H B C Museum*

camp of a buffalo hunt. The camp consisted of about thirty teepees made of buffalo hides, and as many carts. Horses grazed over the plains and dogs slunk around. Yet neither the Indians, the dogs, nor the horses vouchsafed my father even a darting glance. It was certainly not a common sight in those days to see a Red River cart with a lonely traveller walking behind. Yet, as far as my father could see, they were unaware of his presence.

Soon the huge cavalcade, now mounted and organized for the hunt, passed him. First came the hunters mounted on their horses trained as buffalo runners and well qualified in speed, strength and endurance to "stay" with the buffalo long enough to enable the rider to make a kill.

Carts containing the women and children followed the hunters, then came the empty wagons to bring home the kill. Circling the huge cavalcade were the 'teen agers mounted on their ponies and capering over the prairie with wild abandon and delight.

It was a bright October day when, after traversing 1,000 miles in three months and three days, my father stood looking down on the magnificent valley of the North Saskatchewan. Thickly wooded with small timber such as balm of Gilead, spruce, and aspen poplar, and turning to a pale gold at this time of year, it presented a spectacle of unimagined splendour. "This is home," he said quietly as he knelt to give thanks for his safe journey. The picturesque old Hudson's Bay fort resting so comfortably on its high cliff above the river gave an air of security. The scene was one of peace and unutterable beauty. No wonder he called it "The Golden Paradise."

That night as the guest of a trapper, he dined on boiled muskrat and "lady fingers"—raw potatoes cut in narrow strips. But he still had one more river to cross—the North Saskatchewan. There was no ferry at Edmonton then. So in his great enthusiasm he lashed some logs together and started across. Alas, the swift current of the Saskatchewan made short work of this amateur carpentry job. The logs separated and the precious printing press which he had brought with such great labour and expense all the way from Philadelphia, dropped to the bottom of the Saskatchewan and was never seen again.

That meant crossing the prairie again—another trip of three months and three days; another journey to Philadelphia and still another crossing of a thousand miles before he could have his heart's desire—a newspaper in this far outpost of civilization.

After building a rough log hut in Edmonton he started immediately for Winnipeg—this time by dog sled.

When he returned to Edmonton he not only brought his printing press but he brought a bride as well. He had married in Winnipeg Harriet Dunlop, of Prairie Grove, Manitoba, a brilliant and beautiful girl of sixteen.

But while he was away in the east Mr. Laurie had established the *Saskatchewan Herald* at Battleford. But for this, the *Bulletin* would have been the first newspaper between Winnipeg and the Rockies.

My father is on record as having bought the first town lot in Edmonton. But at this time one acquired property by means of squatter's rights. The beautiful spot he chose for his office and eventually his house belonged to him only because he said so. The place was only about a mile east of the Hudson's Bay fort—the only protection to settlers. The Mounted Police had elected to establish themselves at Fort Saskatchewan, twenty miles down the river.

Sitting in his office one hot July day, the door wide open to the summer air, heavy with the scent of tiger lilies, sweet grass and wild roses, he had a strange feeling there was someone else in the room. He heard nothing. His

nearest neighbour was a mile away and could have been heard approaching from the minute he left his own house. Yet as he sat there—not daring to lift his eyes—he knew that someone or something had come into the room. Had he been living alone he would have risked whatever danger existed but with a wife to protect and the Mounted Police twenty miles away, he was suddenly frozen with fright. As his terror mounted his bones turned to water and he could not move. Driven to desperation he at last looked up. There stood an Indian! Neither spoke. My father could not. But the Indian could. "Some day I take your woman," he said, and vanished.

Stricken by the awful possibilities—for an Indian cayuse could easily overtake my father's old nag that was used for general domestic purposes—he called my mother and took her down to the Hudson's Bay fort.

What was my father's shocked surprise when next morning, bright and early, my mother walked into the house saying she preferred the risk of being kidnapped to the awful smell of the old fort and nothing could persuade her to return.

When the rebellion of 1885 broke out the Mounted Police came up from Fort Saskatchewan and ordered everyone to take shelter in the fort. My father refused to go. "I have been publishing a newspaper for five years," he cried, "and this is the first news that has come along. I refuse to cower in a fort when history is being made outside. It is my duty to record it." "Besides," he continued wrathfully, "this whole rebellion is nothing but a Tory trick." So it is the *Edmonton Bulletin* that carries the day by day account and is now the official record of the rebellion in that part of the world. Frank Oliver was always a Liberal and upheld the party's ideals with power and eloquence throughout his life. His admiration for Sir Wilfrid Laurier amounted to idolatry.

Hon. Frank Oliver in later life.
Ernest Brown Colln. Copyright

There was never much excitement in Edmonton over the elections for the Legislative Assembly. But when in 1896 Frank Oliver was chosen as candidate for the House of Commons there was more than enough to make up for it. For sixteen years he had represented Edmonton at Regina, owned the only newspaper in those parts and was one of the best known men in Alberta.

It was with considerable surprise that he learned that he was to be opposed by the Honourable Thomas Cochrane—a member of the illustrious family of Dundonald—who had come out from England the previous year, and purchased a ranch in southern Alberta. He was a Conservative and so was eligible. He had married Lady Adela Fane, famous beauty of Queen Victoria's Court, and only those who lived the frontier life in the West at that time can understand how incongruous it seemed that they should attempt such an undertaking—or should want to. The sight of the lovely Lady Adela sitting on the rough political platform—exquisite, charming and radiant—all admiration for her bold, if tottering husband—was something Edmonton never forgot. My father, of course, won the election—his opponent receiving less than a hundred votes. He lost his deposit but not his poise.

In the election of 1900 my father was opposed by Billy Griesbach—son of Major Griesbach who was in command of the Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan. This young man was an ardent Conservative, had distinguished himself in the Boer war and at this time was only 26 years old. My father was by this time an old campaigner and a veteran of both the Legislative Assembly and the House of Commons.

It was my father's tactics to allow his opponent to speak first. At the greatest meeting of the campaign Billy advanced to the front of the platform and with a very engaging manner, considerable dash and tremendous charm, likened himself—a young and inexperienced speaker—to the boy David who slew his opponent the giant Goliath with a sling-shot. When my father rose to speak, he suggested that Billy should rather liken himself to Samson who slew the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.

"The blow was a devastating one," said Billy, "and I never recovered." Perhaps not politically, but Billy distinguished himself in the First World War, rose to the rank of major-general and became a senator. His death removed one of the most attractive and brilliant personalities ever to come out of Western Canada.

One of the greatest hardships of those pioneer days was the total lack of music. There was a Mounted Police band at Fort Saskatchewan but that was twenty miles away and we never heard it in Edmonton. Though neither my mother nor my father were musicians—in fact neither had ever touched a piano—yet they were musical in a way that many people who have never studied music appreciate it more than those who perform.

By the time they had had four daughters—I was the third—they decided we should have a piano. This meant sending the order across the prairie by ox-cart, until it met the railway. Then the piano would have to be carted to

Fort Edmonton in 1876, the year that Oliver arrived there. *R.C.M.P.*

Edmonton by ox-cart, from the railway terminus, all of which would probably take about two years.

It finally arrived, and many friends turned out to carry it into the house. When at last the huge packing case was established at one end of the living room, my parents realized that there was no one who knew how to play it —let alone teach. But with that determination and indomitable will that always sustained him, my father wrote to Ottawa for instruction books. When these arrived he put me on the piano stool, then sitting beside me with the instruction books opened on his knee, he patiently showed me each note on the piano. Then placing a book of scales and exercises in front of me, pointed out the notes in the book showing how they corresponded to the ones on the piano.

Soon I was able to read at sight and play any tune that was put before me. Before I ever had a lesson from anyone else, I could play a Mozart sonata. It has always seemed to me that small as this seems, in comparison with his other achievements, it was in many ways the greatest. Though knowing not one note, he taught me to play. He had taught us before to play the zither and the guitar—but that was simple compared to the piano.

He grew the first apple ever grown in the North West Territories. Never was his patience and persistence put to such a test. For years he struggled against bitter frost. But it was the rabbits that very nearly discouraged him. Every winter the little sapling he planted would be stripped of its bark and he would start again from scratch. But he finally triumphed and produced an apple—only a crab-apple it is true, but an apple, and he proved that fruit could be grown in Edmonton. It is now a great part of farming in more sheltered areas. This apple was on exhibition in Regina and was a centre of interest.

There is no doubt it was during his association with that great Canadian, George Brown, that he first absorbed the principles and ideals of the Liberal party. To these he remained true throughout his life. Through his newspaper the *Edmonton Bulletin* and from his seat on the floor of the House of Commons in Ottawa he strove unceasingly for the betterment of Canada.

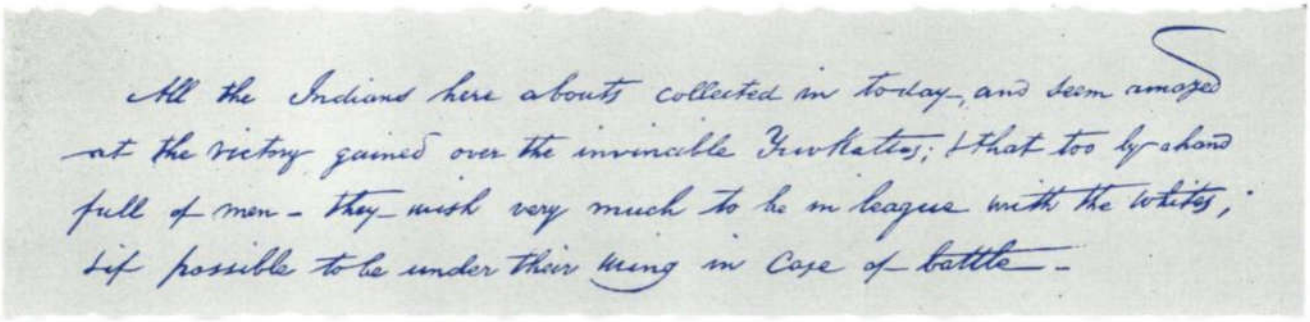
His loyalty was absolute and unswerving. He considered the two-party system not only the best but the only form of democratic government. A strong and vigorous opposition is the only safeguard of the people's interests he would say. "Divide the opposition and you create a tyranny."

When Mackenzie King came to power, a third political party was springing up in Canada—particularly in the West. When Mr. King formed his Cabinet he passed over my father and chose instead for his Minister of Interior a new-comer to Canada who happened to live in Edmonton.

But characteristically Mr. King wrote courteously to my father inviting him to come to his office to: "Discuss the forming of my Cabinet" (already formed and known to the public).

"What do you think of my cabinet?" inquired Mr. King. "You cannot expect me to approve your choice of Minister of the Interior," replied my father with quiet dignity. "But," exclaimed Mr. King in stunned astonishment, "you must know you are not acceptable to the Socialists." "I should hope not," said my father contemptuously as he walked out of the office.

He died in 1932 while serving as chairman of the Board of Railway Commissioners in Ottawa. It is not given to many in this life to dream a dream and have it come true but this rare blessing had been vouchsafed my father. He had dreamed of settling and developing the vast unexplored North West Territories and lived to see his dream fulfilled.


All the Indians here abouts collected in to-day, and seem amaze
at the victory gained over the invincible Yuckatas; that too by a boat
full of men - they wish very much to be in league with the whites;
if possible to be under their wing in Case of battle -

COLD WAR *on the Fraser*

by B. A. McKelvie

Illustrations courtesy B.C. Archives

The Yucultas near Fort Langley were dreaded by all the tribes along the river—until the day when, for a brief spell, the cold war became a hot war.

PLANS are under way for the reconstruction of a considerable part of Fort Langley on the banks of the Lower Fraser River, the first permanent British establishment on Canada's Pacific Coast and the birthplace of British Columbia on November 19, 1858. One of the log buildings of the last of several forts of the same name has been preserved as a museum. Other structures and a replica of part of the palisades will be erected in time for the centenary celebration to be held at the historic site in 1958.

From its very inception Fort Langley played an important part in the colourful drama of white settlement on the Pacific Coast. It was built upon instructions of Governor George Simpson in 1827. Three years before that time the dynamic little "Emperor" made a spectacular dash across the continent from Hudson Bay to Fort George (Astoria) at the mouth of the Columbia River. It was his first visit to the Pacific Slope, and he was seized with the importance of preparing for the eventuality that the Columbia River might be allotted to the United States when the boundary line between the Republic and Great Britain, west of the Rockies, was fixed. Despite the fact that it was November before he completed his continental dash, Simpson at once despatched a strong party under command of Chief Trader James McMillan and Clerks John Work, François Noel Annance and Tom McKay to find the mouth of the Fraser River and report upon the suitability of a trading post for that locality.

It was a terrible journey; through the sleet and rain, mud and quagmires, and over wind-swept icy waters, but McMillan succeeded. His perseverance and courage won for him a chief factorship, and of greater moment, led to the planting of the British flag over the lower reaches of the stream and the holding of the country for the Crown.

So, in the summer of 1827, three years after that first grim trip, Chief Factor McMillan returned to construct an establishment that might, if necessary, serve as a western headquarters for the Company. He was again accompanied by Annance, an educated half-breed with a taste for classical literature, who was noted for his courage and resource. Donald Manson and George Barnston were other young clerks. This time McMillan and his party came on board the schooner *Cadboro*. It was with difficulty that Captain Aemilius Simpson, a former naval officer, managed to get his vessel into the Fraser River. On the slow trip up from the sea, when opposite the present city of New Westminster where the stream broadens, a fleet of Indian war canoes drew up as if to block the passage. Simpson, following an eccentric custom when danger threatened, drew on a new pair of white kid gloves, and sailed boldly ahead. The native armada gave way and the schooner passed through.

This was the first incident of a cold war that was to continue for the next two years until, near the same spot, the whitemen—*Whaneetum*, the natives called them—performed the impossible in the opinion of the Indians, and achieved a great victory. In the intervening months the newcomers had to endure a veritable war of nerves maintained by their wild neighbors, the Kwantlens and other savage tribes between them and the distant headquarters of the Hudson's Bay on the Columbia River.

• Bruce McKelvie is one of British Columbia's most celebrated historical writers.

Fort Langley in 1858. From a drawing by E. Mallandaire.

It was July 30, 1827, when work started at the chosen site upstream and around a big bend called by the Indians, *Slikwhinna*—Big Horn. As the laborers worked at clearing the location for the post, skulking Indians set the forests on fire, but the fort builders continued their efforts. Each night they retired to the safety of the *Cadboro*.

The Fraser is a muddy stream, breaking from the mountain gorges a hundred miles from the sea, and meandering peacefully through the flat valley lands of its own making. Each summer it was choked with silver salmon on their way up to distant lakes and creeks to spawn and die. To take part in harvesting this great crop of fish came thousands of tribesmen from distant villages—from Vancouver Island's populous and sheltered bays; from the islands of Puget Sound; from the mainland shores of the Gulf of Georgia and its deep inlets; and from the interior valleys. Fierce, suspicious strangers most of them, who glowered and muttered and fingered their knives when they first saw the *Whaneetum*, they prowled about the place pilfering what they could.

Once the fishing was over, these visitors camped along the San-a-sant (Pitt River). While the squaws dug in the mud and ooze with their toes for succulent wapato roots, the braves held games, tribal dances and secret society meetings. They argued and boasted of their prowess and individual accomplishments and proved to be a constant menace to the little band of whites. It needed only a fancied insult or less—the bombastic declaration of an excited and irresponsible young brave, that he dared to kill one of the *Whaneetum*—to start a war.

At last the defences of Fort Langley were completed, and the *Cadboro* drifted down the river, leaving the little garrison alone in a savage wilderness. Simpson intended to sail around the Gulf of Georgia to inform the different tribes that they could find trade at Fort Langley. He had not gone long before an Indian came gleefully to relate to McMillan how one of the *Cadboro's* crew had been killed and another wounded in a clash with natives near Comox—and what was significant, to boast that the schooner had failed to retaliate. This was attributed to cowardice, and because of the occurrence, the cold war at Fort Langley was stepped up.

Even as the Kwantlens sought to frighten the whites, so they themselves lived in constant fear. They dreaded the Yucultas, the fierce, piratical warriors who dwelt beside the swirling waters of Johnstone Strait, and where Yuculta Rapids boiled to white foam. Scourges of the inner waters were these merciless vikings who swept as far south as the limits of Puget Sound in their long war canoes. And now the Kwantlens sought to intimidate the whites by saying that the Yucultas intended to destroy Fort Langley.

Not only did the Fraser Valley Indians threaten the fur traders with the approaching wrath of the terrible Yucultas, they themselves boasted of their own power of destruction. War parties of the black-painted braves often shouted and waved their weapons threateningly as they passed on their way up the river to raid unsuspecting and weaker bands, and return later with hideous trophies and weeping women and children as slaves.

Just when the people of Fort Langley were feeling their isolation keenly—at the first Yule season—Alexander McKenzie with four men from Fort Vancouver arrived to spend the holidays with them. It was a truly festive occasion. Early after New Year, McKenzie bade them goodbye and started on his return trip.

Weeks passed, and then Indians reported that McKenzie and his party has been killed on Whidby Island. The

news was shocking, but it had to be believed as details of the butchery were brought to the fort. This crime was duly punished by a strong expedition from the Columbia River that bombarded and burned one of the largest Clallam villages. (*Beaver*, Autumn 1954, p. 52.)

The cold war went on, as natives used the massacre of McKenzie in an effort to instil fear into the minds of the *Whaneetum*—and they, in turn, continued to cringe at mention of the Yucultas. Chief Factor McMillan commented in the fort journal, February 12, 1828, in telling of the movement of Kwantlens to the Upper Pitt River: "The cause of their moving off is a dread of being cut off by the Yucultas, who, they are told, are in the neighborhood with the avowed intention of paying a plundering visit to their River as soon as the navigation becomes open."

Another entry: "A Seshal, from beyond Burrard's Canal, came to the fort. He informs us that the Yucultas are preparing to come and take our Blankets from us *sans ceremonie*. As this is rather a cheap way of getting goods, we will not likely come to terms amicably. In that case our iron interpreters will have to settle the dispute."

So it went on, week after week and month after month—the Yucultas were always coming. And there was just sufficient justification to make each report bear the aspect of possibility. There was the time, for instance, when the raiders actually attacked the Musqueam village at the mouth of the river, murdering three and taking some 30 women and children away into captivity.

Again, there was the sly approach of Indians in the night: "Kennedy & Sauve, who stood the second watch, saw Indians skulking about the fort," McMillan wrote, "but seeing we keep a strick [sic] guard they did not venture too near. They thru a couple of Stones at the men who were walking on the Gallery, but from the duskiness of the night they could not see to fire at them." McMillan gave orders that any further insults of the kind were to be answered with bullets.

Dynamic little Governor George Simpson, defying the impossible, came unexpectedly down the Fraser on one of his transcontinental dashes. He stopped to look at Fort Langley, that had been established the previous year. He decided to move McMillan to a less strenuous post at Fort Garry, while Barnston was also transferred. In their places he left Chief Trader Archibald McDonald, a tried and trusted man, and Clerk J. Murray Yale—"Little Yale," and Donald Manson. Annance explained to the newcomers the paralysing fright that mention of the northern marauders brought to the Kwantlens and other Fraser tribes, and how they could not understand why similar terror did not grip the whites at the sound of the name.

McDonald soon discovered that Annance had not exaggerated the fear that the mention of "Yuculta" caused. "Not the appearance of a Beaver from the wretched Indians of the vicinity," he wrote on March 10, 1829. "Indeed, if others didn't bring them this way, hunting them themselves is perfectly out of the question: their dread of the enemy is incredible. They even desist from appearing in the water in any manner, at the risk of starvation, when the Yucultas are reported to be near, & that is not seldom."

Still, McDonald—recalling the fate of McKenzie—was just a trifle worried when he had to send a boat off to the Cowlitz Portage, at the distant extremity of Puget Sound, with the returns from Fort Langley. "Little Yale" volunteered to go, and so did Annance, "the Learned," and the ten most expert paddlers were chosen to accompany them in a newly constructed boat. The trip had to be made, not only to carry the returns to a point where a safe messenger could be secured for the trip to the Columbia, but also to test the safety of the route. It was hoped that the lesson given to the Clallams for their killing of McKenzie had been learned, not alone by that tribe, but by all the natives of the Coast.

"Until their return," McDonald wrote, "I shall be here with Six Men, viz., the Cook, Gate-keeper—one that will assist a little to speak with the Indians—Arquotle, who is building Chiminies, and two Iroquois—one of them unwell." It was a weak garrison with which to face possible attack. "Our little artillery was hardly fresh loaded," went on McDonald, "when the Big Bear, the Yucultas, were announced—no less than 30 canoes!" By next morning the Kwantlens, as they came crowding about the fort for protection, were sure that there were at least 50 canoes bearing their enemies.

"Among our home guard here everything was made snug," observed the Fort commander, and he went on to tell of the manner in which the local Indians were acting. "Only a few resolute fellows kept passing at a distance so as to have one glance at the enemy before an actual flight should be commenced." Then, around the bend of the river appeared five small canoes—of friendly natives!

But at the time that the chief trader was recording the alarms and rumors that were exciting the vicinity of Fort Langley, Yale and Annance and their men were actually engaged in battle with the dreaded Yucultas, only a few miles down the river (opposite the island that was named for Annance, but has been misspelled "Annacis") just where the stream broadens below New Westminster. The invaders had entered the north arm of the Fraser, and after killing several Musqueams (near modern Marpole), had at last made their long-threatened foray upstream.

The Hudson's Bay Company's boat was returning to Fort Langley by the southern arm of the river, had passed Tree Point on the south shore, and was making the end of Annance's Island on the north, when Yale and Annance saw a fleet of some nine large war canoes confronting them. Each one of the long, bird-beaked cedar dugouts carried 20 to 35 warriors. They were stretched across the river. It was a sight to really arouse fear, but "Little Yale" and bold Annance did not hesitate; a whispered word, a crisp command, and the ten paddles dug deep into the muddy water of the stream. The boat sprang forward—straight at the centre of the Yuculta line! Not a sound was uttered, as the crew—the best the fort could provide—put every

ounce of strength and skill and experience into their work. The boat raced forward; and now it was amongst the canoes, and the Indians were scrambling to avoid collision. Right through and beyond the surprised red vikings the boat went before the astonished Yucultas thought to fire at the white men. Precious seconds were lost to the warriors in swinging their craft about. Then they sent a volley after the figures in the boat, but the aim was not good in shooting from the dancing dugouts.

On shouted instructions, several war canoes close to the shore spurted ahead and their warriors landed, the better to aim at the *Whaneetum* from the bank. Annance and Yale saw the manoeuvre, and the boat was swung sharply towards the shore and run up on the beach. Loading their muskets as they ran for the cover of the brush, the little band opened such a hot and accurate fire that the vaunted Yucultas faltered. How many were hit by the deadly aim of the hunters was never revealed, but the loss to the raiders must have been heavy, for one after another of the big canoes turned and raced for the open sea.

The *Whaneetum* had met the Yucultas and had defeated them. Twelve whites had put 200 of the terrible sea raiders to flight!

Re-entering their boat—and not a single man had been hit—the paddlers resumed their work, and the voyage was continued. The few Kwantlens and Musqueams and other trembling natives who had witnessed the battle from their hiding places in the woods, could hardly credit their eyesight. It was almost supernatural!

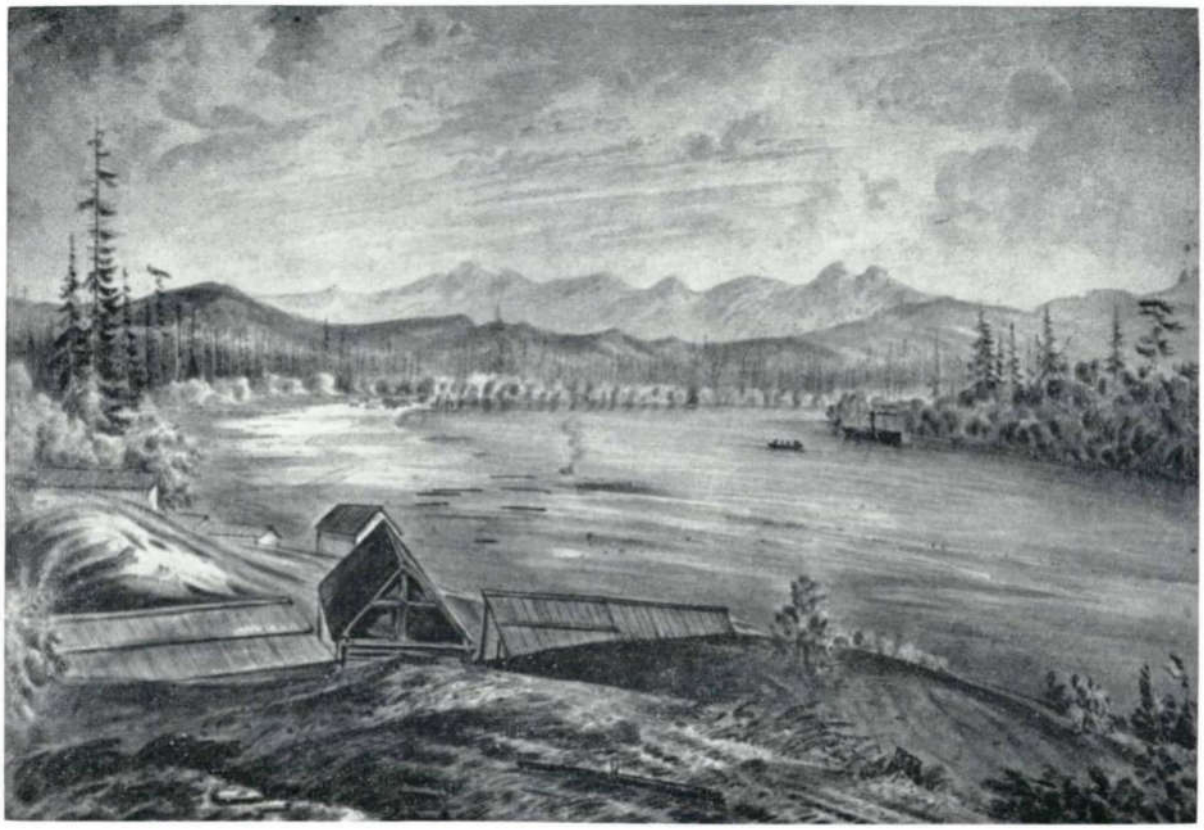
Archibald McDonald was more than delighted when the boat came around the bend, with the men bravely singing an old chanson, as was customary. He was almost speechless with joy and amazement when he learned of the fight. The next day, Sunday, March 22, 1829, there was pride in the soul of McDonald as he recorded in the Fort Journal; "All the Indians here abouts collected in today, and seem amazed at the victory gained over the invincible Yewkultas; & that too by a hand full of men—they wish very much to be in league with the Whites, & if possible to be under their wing in case of battle. . . . It unquestionably has had two good effects," he commented, "to convince our people of the necessity of a vigilant lookout, & of their own Strength when properly Shewn, even before a great number of Indians."

The cold war was over.

The people of Saiametal (the site of New Westminster) and of Kikait (directly opposite), were so impressed by the manner in which the little band of whites had achieved the impossible, that they abandoned their villages and moved en masse to the vicinity of the fort on the banks of Kanaka Creek on the opposite side of the river.

From that March day in 1829, the Hudson's Bay Company and the British flag were firmly established on the lush soil of the great Fraser Valley. ◆

Beyond the last Fort Langley and the steamer can be seen the great curve of the Fraser known as the Big Horn, where the first fort stood.



FOR real, good company give me the simple man. The urban sophisticate will not do for daily fare, the business man is simply boring, but the simple man has about him the authentic note of mother nature. This gives him personality. Like an animal, he is himself, unafflicted with pomposities and importance and other defensive outriggings. No doubt out of his own surroundings he would not do for daily diet, nor as a boon companion, but if he is caught in his native habitat, that is, at his usual work, or in his moments of relaxation from his work, he is genuine, frank and interesting.

The simple man appears under many guises. He may be a sailor or an Indian, a fisherman, lumberjack, farmer, prospector, woodsman. It is only in these remote open-air occupations that we English-Canadians preserve him at all. Our French-speaking brethren still possess a good many people who have not been sprayed with the thin grey coat of school paint that serves us as education. And they have not embraced to anything like the same degree as we have the commercial philosophy of life. Therefore among them are to be found far more simple men than among us—men who are persons, who are of the soil, who would provide the stuff of the novel.

But English Canada, despite the best efforts of departments of education and the dollar chasers, still can provide the type if you know where to look for him.

I myself have encountered him among the fishermen of Nova Scotia, but never among those of British Columbia. I have found him on the ships that ply our Great Lakes. I have come upon him in considerable quantities in British ships; but such specimens, when landed, cannot be preserved indefinitely in the Canadian climate—except in alcohol. Or in the vacuum of the bush.

My most successful and familiar hunting ground for the simple man has been in the northland, in which forest setting he is still commonly encountered.

Our northern simple man was born with a paddle in one hand and an axe in the other. He is equally adept with both implements. He does not know much about books but he can usually talk freely and often picturesquely. It is among his kind that the oldest of man's amusements is still to be found—personal narration of personal occurrences—and among his kind almost solely.

Narration must have a setting. There should be a camp and a camp-fire, preceded by a good meal. Then when pipes are lit, the "I mind me's" begin.

I once found such a setting on Tea Lake, up in one of fortunate Ontario's many playgrounds, Algonquin Park. A friend and I were on a camping and fishing trip. We had come in from the railway at the north side of the park, paddling through several little lakes spread out along the course of that river whose name contains such rich imagery —L'Amable du fond—and had made a temporary little camp on one of the small islands in the western end of the lake, just near the height of land between the Ottawa and Georgian Bay. Here we found the fishing good and, for the forest, the traffic heavy. One day, for example, we encountered two canoe loads of thirteen-year-old girls, in

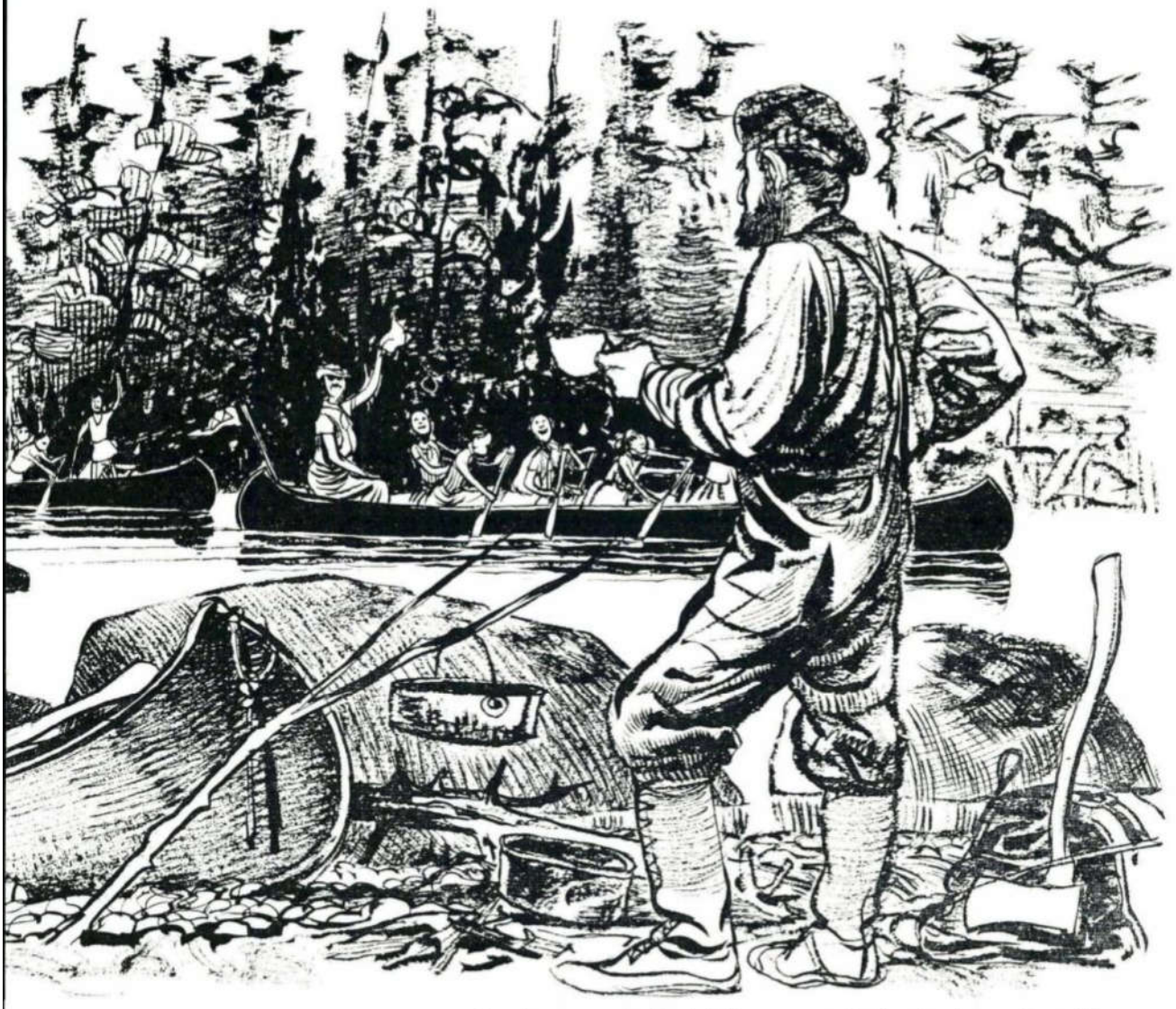
A. R. M. LOWER

tells why he prefers

charge of an older woman, all out on a trip from one of the camps in the south. They had no tents with them and were figuring on sleeping under their canoes. I hope the weather kept dry. It is only the most Spartan summer holidayer who will travel the bush without a tent, never your old hand or Indian.*

Another day we met an American tourist with an Indian guide, the two alone, their canoe propelled by outboard. This curse (the outboard, not the American tourist) at the time of the trip I write about, had not yet completed its conquest; most people who went into the

* See the Packet note on this subject, in this issue.



"... two canoe loads of thirteen-year-old girls, in charge of an older woman."

THE SIMPLE MEN

bush in those days still honestly paddled. Nowadays it almost seems beyond human dignity to be caught with a paddle in your hand; at any rate, you ought to have an outboard along, even if it just lies in the bottom of the canoe. That, at least, shows that you don't have to paddle. A third group was "curiouser" still: a mixed family party walking over a portage, miles from anywhere, the father carrying a coat, the mother a loaf of bread and the little boy a coal-oil can with a potato stuck on the spout, this latter the height, presumably, of woodland efficiency. A groaning Indian guide brought up the rear, carrying everything else. I had learned my bush craft in a moderately hard school, the "northern north" and I was inclined to be contemptuous of summer tourists such as these, with their perambulations about a forest just over the horizon from civilization, as was Tea Lake. However, here I was myself, just over that horizon, only a day's paddle, after all, from the railway. I must have degenerated.

Just opposite our camp a group of park rangers were building a log cabin. They asked us over one evening, and there I discovered my simple man. I discovered, in fact, some seven simple men, for they were all of the same type,

● Dr. A. R. M. Lower is Professor of Canadian and Colonial History at Queen's University, Kingston. He is the author of numerous books and other publications and of *This Most Famous Stream* which won a Governor-General's Award for Canadian literature for 1954.

"A third group was 'curiouser' still . . . "

hospitable, relaxed, assured, beautifully competent within their sphere.

When we arrived, supper had been finished, dishes had been washed and the evening had begun. Great talk was already forward. Reminiscences were rolling forth. "I mind the time," said one, "when I had a cabin down on McDougall Lake. I had it all nice and tidy-like, and all my supplies in for the winter. I was out on my trap line and when I come back, a bear had broke in. Cleaned up all the food. Smashed up everything, even the stove."

"Them's mean brutes," said a companion sympathetically. No one asked him what he had done in the emergency. That would have been unnecessary. Without asking, all knew what he had done, what he had had to do.

"There was that old woman down to Killaloe," someone went on, not irrelevantly, for Killaloe was where the first man would have had to go, to get a new winter outfit, "that could draw the cancer. D'ye mind her?"

"Sure I mind her. I knowed a man that was dying of cancer. Had a great, big cancer on his chest. He'd been all over and none of the doctors could do nothing for him. He hears of this old woman and he come to Killaloe and she put a poultice on his chest with her stuff in it. It drawed the cancer. He near went crazy with the pain, but it drawed the cancer!"

The mention of Killaloe, where some of them had their homes, brought up memories held in common.

"I wonder if that there fellow that they never caught really did burn his woman up," said one.

"Don't know, but he got out mighty quick after the fire and they got nothing on him," said another.

Here was a subject everybody could get his teeth into. There had, I gathered, been a couple living together "down to Killaloe," strangers in the village, and one night their log cabin had been burned to the ground. The man never could account satisfactorily for the disappearance of the woman, and, as one of the rangers had said, had lost no time in "getting out." It was alleged in the village that he had burned the lady along with the cabin. This incident had provided an entire winter of mystery, horror and discussion. Now, here on the shores of this lonely lake, it had come up again. The men got into it with relish unabated. If he had burned her up, he must have made a mighty complete job of it, or there would have been some trace of her left. But he could have murdered her first, disposed of her body and then burned the cabin to cover all traces.

Or she could have skipped out on him. But then why would he have burned the cabin? And why would he himself have cleared out? And so on and so on. No detail was too minute for examination, none seemed forgotten. The debate was orderly, sustained and deliberate. One could not ask for more intelligence applied to a human situation. If these men had been a jury and I on trial before them, I would have had perfect confidence in their fairness and their competence. Yet they were barely literate.

One young fellow among them, identical with the rest in environment and upbringing, differed from them sharply —and from most other men, too—in that he had within him the spirit of inquiry and of wonder. With better luck he might have been a man of learning, perhaps a scientist. Nature intrigued him. Here, up in the bush, he had a telescope, of all things; a really fine instrument mounted on a tripod. Of it he was very proud. The inquest on the burning of the lady in her cabin by her lover having finished, someone looked out and announced that the sky had cleared and the moon was up. Rather shyly, the young man with the telescope said to me: "Would you like to look at her through my telescope?" "Yes, indeed," I replied.

So we went outside and he rigged up his tripod on the edge of the dark forest, there, just where the bank changed into shore. I have never seen the full moon to better advantage: the dark bush behind, the silver lake in front, a clear midsummer sky. The moon was riding high, brilliantly reflected in the lake. By lying down with back to a log, one could get a good look at her through the telescope, which made mountains and valleys and the great waste of crater rings which is the moon's surface stand out in bold relief.

"I have never seen the full moon to better advantage."

"I sit and look and look at her," said the young ranger, "and wonder what she's made of."

"Green cheese, they say," I put in—I hoped playfully.

"No, you don't mean that, surely," he gasped.

"Well, you know what they say: that's what they say the moon's made of."

"I ain't never heard that myself," he said seriously.

I tried to explain seriously what "they" think she's made of but that involved too many jumps all at once to be very successful. We returned to the shack.

Inside, two men were lying on their bunk, which was just a square of logs on the floor, the blankets laid out within it. Two were sitting smoking. The other two wanted a game of cards. My telescope friend joined them, along with my own companion. I sat and talked with the smokers, pulling out my pipe, too. "Here, have some of this tobacco," one of them said. I knew what was up; this was a test, and a trip. "Tabac canayen" (*canadien*) of a strength guaranteed to broil anyone's gullet, let alone that of a city "sport." However, I filled up.

We smoked for a while; by and by the man who had offered me the tobacco, with a little note of expectancy in his voice, exclaimed, "How d'ye like that tobacco?"

I was prepared, despite a burned tongue, so I just answered, "Oh, not so bad, doesn't last very long, a bit mild." The laugh was on him. I'd passed my exam.

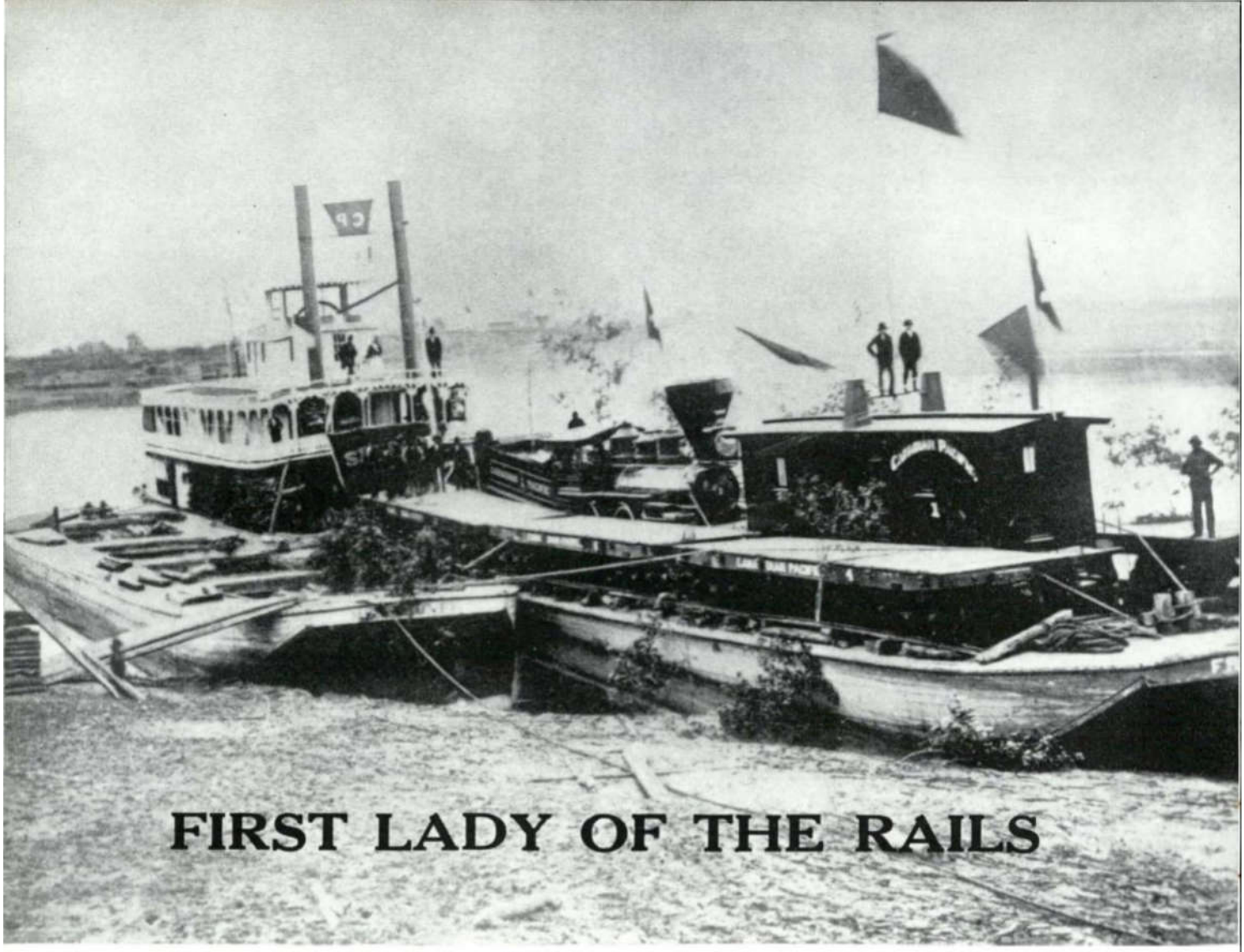
Meanwhile, the card game went on. "Five Hundred," I think it was. Much excitement, much smoking (never any drinking on these occasions, though). The table was of the usual cabin style, two outer legs only, the other edge of the top supported by the wall. It stood about south-south-east of the heads of the two men in the bunk and between it and them the distance was about eight feet. On the far side of the bunk, north-north-west of the nearer man's head, was a gasoline can, with the top cut out, serving as a spittoon. The course from the table to the can was thus north-north-west over the heads of the men in the bunk, the distance about ten feet. Every now and then, in a pause, as, for example, when one player had banged his "joker" triumphantly down at a strategic moment, a head would turn with a quick motion through a right angle, like a sergeant-major saluting from a bicycle, and a certain projectile be launched toward the spittoon.

Never was the target missed. The head would come back with the same click as that with which it had turned and no comment would ever be made on the act, which, along with the bull's eye hit, was taken completely as a matter of course. So confident in the accuracy of their companions' aim were the men in the bunk, as the volley hurtled above them that they never moved a muscle until the scoring smash was heard.

No man will try to spit up wind, but a good man really can spit through a knot-hole!

I don't remember much about the fish we caught on that trip, but I'll never forget telescope, tobacco and shooting contest.

Oh, the delight of simple men! ◆



FIRST LADY OF THE RAILS

The "Countess," bearing on the front of her boiler the number "1," arrives in Winnipeg on October 9, 1877.

The "Countess of Dufferin" is an outdoor museum piece which belongs to the earliest days of the C.P.R. in the West

by Fred Morrison

PHOTOS COURTESY C.P.R.

BORN in comparative obscurity, at an engine works in the U.S.A., in 1872, a locomotive known as the *Countess of Dufferin*, C.P.R. No. 1, is still in existence and ranks high in the historical lore of Manitoba and the West: A fast runner at the age of one—thoroughly schooled in railroading at four—at five raised to the rank of a Countess and became the first "Lady" of the locomotive world in western Canada—was an intrepid "mountain climber" at fourteen—had personal acquaintance with high Government officials, railway presidents, Indian chiefs and many others—now has a place of honour, in retirement, in Winnipeg.

This engine—of the 4-4-0 type with a cylinder 15" x 24", wheels 57 inches in diameter, total weight, including the tender, 65,500 lbs., wheel base 42 ft. 6 in., overall length 51 ft. 6 in.—was built by the Baldwin Engine Works, Philadelphia, in 1872, was purchased by the Northern Pacific Railway, and ran between Brainerd, Minn., and Jim Town (now Fargo), N.D., under the number "56" for about four years.

In 1877, a contractor named Joseph Whitehead purchased this now famous little engine and moved it with a caboose and six flat cars on a Red River barge from Fisher's Landing, Minn., to St. Boniface, for the construction of the Pembina branch of the future Canadian Pacific Railway.

Two days after its arrival at St. Boniface, on Oct. 9th, 1877, the engine started to pull cars of rails and material

• Mr. Morrison, born in Ogdensburg, N.Y., served the Canadian Pacific Railway for nearly fifty years. Now retired, he is treasurer of the Historical Society of Manitoba.

for construction, and continued on the Pembina branch until the work was complete. It was then used between Selkirk and Cross Lake by the Government, and they later sold it to the C.P.R., in 1882, for the sum of $5800.

It should be explained that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was not incorporated until 1881 and also that the construction work of railway track, in Manitoba, prior to February 17th, of that year, was in the hands of the government. The formation of the C.P.R. had, of course, been in progress for some months, and the name of the new company had appeared in the press as far back as 1877. It also appeared on the first locomotive, at the time of its arrival in Manitoba, in 1877. But this, of course, was entirely the responsibility of the contractor, Joseph Whitehead, the actual owner at that time.

Early in 1877 Whitehead had been given a contract by the government to construct the Pembina branch between St. Boniface and Emerson. Having knowledge of the visit of the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin, who arrived in Winnipeg on Aug. 6th, Mr. Whitehead extended an invitation to their Excellencies to be present and to take part in the ceremony of driving the first track spikes of the rails of the Pembina branch at St. Boniface. He also intended to request the Countess to start the first engine. Insofar as the driving of the track spikes was concerned, Mr. Whitehead succeeded; but the engine, which was being purchased in the U.S.A., did not arrive until after the departure of the vice-regal party.

The ceremony of the driving of the first track spikes took place on Sept. 29. The Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin were present, as well as a number of representative people. In this connection we cannot do better than quote part of the report in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of that date.

"The ceremony of driving the first spike in the Pembina Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway was performed this morning by their Excellencies, the Governor General and the Countess of Dufferin, at the station grounds, St. Boniface, in the presence of a fashionable gathering, which, while it included nearly two hundred people, would doubtless have been considerably larger were it not for the other engagements following, in rapid succession, in the afternoon. Amongst those present, besides the viceregal party and a sprinkling of the fair sex, were his honor Lieut. Governor Morris, his Grace Archbishop Tache, his Lordship Granden, and a number of prominent residents and railway men.

"At twenty minutes past eleven the viceregal party arrived at the station grounds, where they were met by Mr. Jas H. Rowan, Chief Engineer of the Manitoba District, C.P.R., who conducted their Excellencies to the spot for the auspicious event. Rails had been laid on the track for some distance, ready for spiking, and on the particular tie selected—one of huge proportions, and very cleanly planed, were inscribed the following words:

"CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE FIRST TWO SPIKES DRIVEN BY
THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL
AND THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN
29th SEPTEMBER, 1877."

In 1911 the "Countess" returns to Winnipeg after many years of western service, and is hauled from the station to Sir William Whyte Park.

The final departure of the vice-regal party from Winnipeg took place on the evening of September 29, on the steamer *Minnesota*, to Fisher's Landing where an inspection was to be made of the locomotive that became famous in the Canadian West. In this connection the Countess made the following record in her published diary: "Tuesday [Oct.] 2d.—We went ashore, and saw the engine No. 2 of the Canada Pacific Railway; it is going to Winnipeg with a train of railway-trucks, and it is to be called the 'Lady Dufferin'." While the number of the locomotive was recorded in the diary as No. 2, at Fisher's Landing, the number was no doubt changed to No. 1 by contractor Whitehead enroute, as the locomotive arrived at St. Boniface bearing the number 1, and, of course, was the first railway engine in the Canadian West.

By Oct. 2nd plans were about complete to move the little locomotive to St. Boniface. Three barges were involved, two for ties and one for the locomotive, one caboose and six flat cars; all to be moved by the S.S. *Selkirk*. The barge with the locomotive was shoved ahead; the other two barges were secured to the sides of the steamer, thus creating a navigation problem in the Red River where the water was shallow and the banks close together.

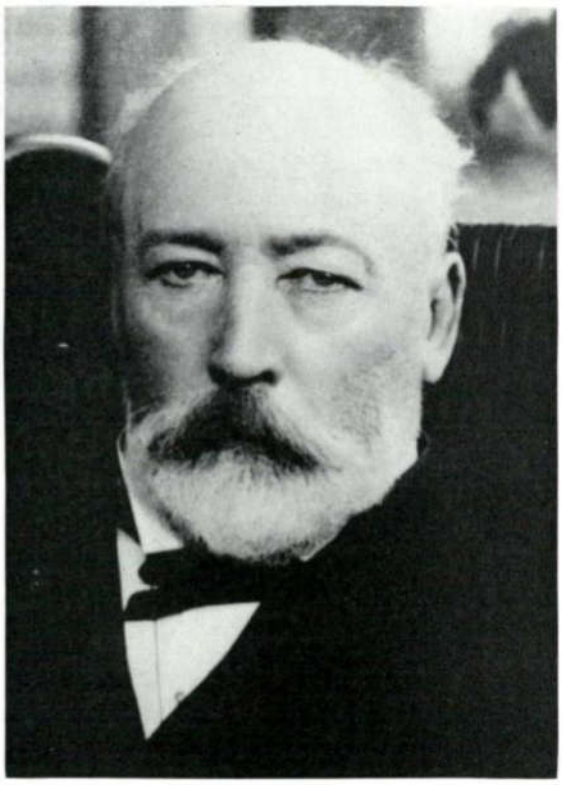
It is not known what date they left Fisher's Landing but it took several days to make the trip. Captain Holmes had to use every precaution to ease the broad tow of boats between the narrow banks and around the shoals of sand. They expected to reach Winnipeg on Oct. 8th in time for a celebration, but a delay occurred at Crooked Rapids, south of Pembina, and it took from daylight until 3.00 p.m. to pass them.

The steamer and barges were decorated with bunting and flags, when they reached Pembina, and were received with great excitement by the settlers. Contractor Whitehead had steam up on the locomotive and was blowing the whistle to the limit. Artillery at Fort Pembina fired a salute. A number of leading citizens were also on hand to extend a welcome. A stop was made, overnight, at a place five miles south of Winnipeg, called Lemay's, so as to reach Winnipeg in daylight.

The following morning, Oct. 9th, they continued the historic journey towards Winnipeg, on the ever widening Red River. It was a gala affair, with hundreds of settlers lining the banks to welcome this first locomotive. It must have been a strange sight to the native Indians, some of whom were not too enthusiastic about the progress of the white men.

The arrival at Winnipeg was vociferous and filled with excitement as reported by the *Manitoba Free Press* on Oct. 9th:

"At an early hour this morning, wild, unearthly shrieks, from up the river, announced the coming of the steamer *Selkirk*, with the first locomotive ever brought into Manitoba. A large crowd of people had assembled on the river banks, and as the *Selkirk* steamed down into the city the mill whistles blew furiously, and bells rang out to welcome the arrival of the "Iron Horse." By this time a concourse had assembled at No. 6 warehouse, [at foot of Post Office Ave., now Lombard Ave.] where the boat landed, and in the crowd were to be noticed people of many nationalities represented in the Prairie province.



Sir William Van Horne, general manager of the C.P.R., reached Winnipeg in 1881 in a train hauled by the "Countess."

"The *Selkirk* was handsomely decorated for the occasion with Union Jacks, Stars and Stripes, banners with the familiar "C.P.R." and her own bunting: with the barge conveying the locomotive and cars ahead of her, also gaily decorated with flags and evergreens, and with a barge laden with railway ties on each side, presented a novel spectacle. The whistles of the boat and the locomotive continued shrieking, the mill whistles joined the chorus, the bells clanged, a young lady, Miss Racine pulling manfully on the ropes; and, the continuous noise and din proclaimed loudly that the iron horse had arrived at last. Shortly after landing three cheers were given for Joe Whitehead; and in a few minutes a crowd swarmed on board and examined the engine most minutely. The caboose and flat cars also came in for their share of attention; each bore the name of "Canadian Pacific" in white letters. After remaining a couple of hours, during which she was visited by many hundreds, the *Selkirk* steamed to a point below Point Douglas ferry, where a track had been laid to the waters edge on which it was the intention to run the engine this afternoon."

The locomotive was unloaded on Oct. 10th on the flats near the confluence of the Seine and Red Rivers. Temporary tracks had been laid and it was not long until she arrived in St. Boniface, under her own steam. They put her to work the following day and she was soon hauling cars and rails for the Pembina branch. By January 22nd, 1878, 40 miles of track had been laid and the line was completed before the end of the year, the last spike being driven on Dec. 4th.

The first through train from the St. Paul and Manitoba Railway line arrived in St. Boniface Dec. 7th, 1878, and the first through train southbound left St. Boniface Dec. 9th, arriving in St. Paul about 30 hours later.

It was the *Countess of Dufferin* that pulled the first excursion train operated in the West, which ran from Winnipeg to East Selkirk on Dec. 19, 1877. It was also the "Iron Countess" that handled the train which brought

William C. Van Horne from Emerson, Man., to St. Boniface, Dec. 31, 1881. Van Horne, who had been engaged as general manager by the Canadian Pacific Railway, commenced duties immediately after reaching Winnipeg, and rented an office over the Bank of Montreal on Main street. However, a fire caused him to move from that location and he engaged space in the old Grace Church, also on Main St., and carried on the business of the C.P.R. from there for a time.

By August 1884 the track-laying had been completed as far as the first crossing of the Columbia river near Donald, B.C. The Prime Minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, accompanied by Lady Macdonald, decided to journey west to the end of the new railway, presumably to obtain a first hand view of the progress made of the work undertaken by Van Horne.

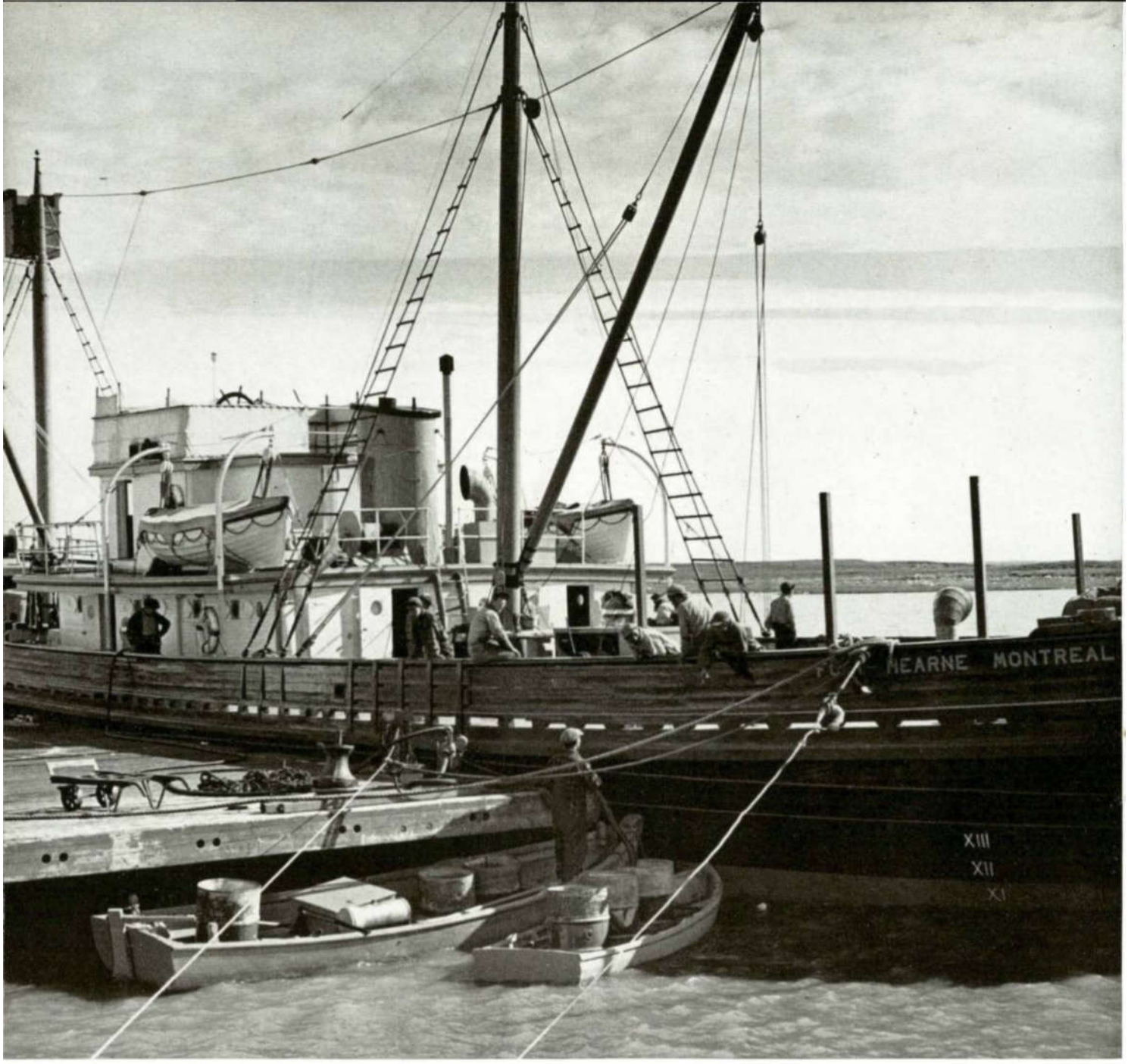
In this connection it is reported that, on Aug. 14th, the *Countess of Dufferin* hauling a caboose and two private cars for the distinguished government party, pulled out of Calgary with a chair securely bolted to the platform on the cow-catcher, to permit the wife of the premier to have a front seat view of the Rocky Mountain scenery. It is not recorded at which point she moved from the comparative luxury and security of their private car to a seat on the dusty, wind-blown cow-catcher; nor is it known what distance was covered, riding in this manner, but it was thought to have been in the region of Roger's Pass.

For the next few years the *Countess* was used on various local and main line runs, including mountain service, west of Calgary. By 1897 the traffic called for heavier locomotives burning coal, and the *Countess*, which was a wood-burner, was sold to the Columbia River Lumber Co., Golden, B.C., for the sum of $1000, to be used by them in switching service.

But in the year 1910, Controller R. D. Waugh of Winnipeg learned that this historic little engine had been relegated to storage tracks, and was idle and without steam. He persuaded the lumber company to donate the engine to the City of Winnipeg, and Mr. Waugh then arranged with the C.P.R. for free movement to that city. Immediately after its arrival the railway company gave the locomotive a thorough overhauling and also built a special track on which to move her from the main line, over Higgins avenue to her first location, which was in Sir William Whyte park opposite the station. Thirty-two years later, on Sept. 9th, 1942, nearly 65 years after her arrival in Manitoba, the 25-ton engine was moved across Higgins avenue close to the station.

Now she stands there for all to see—a picturesque reminder of those epic days, when Canadians thrust a railway across the West to bind their nation together. •

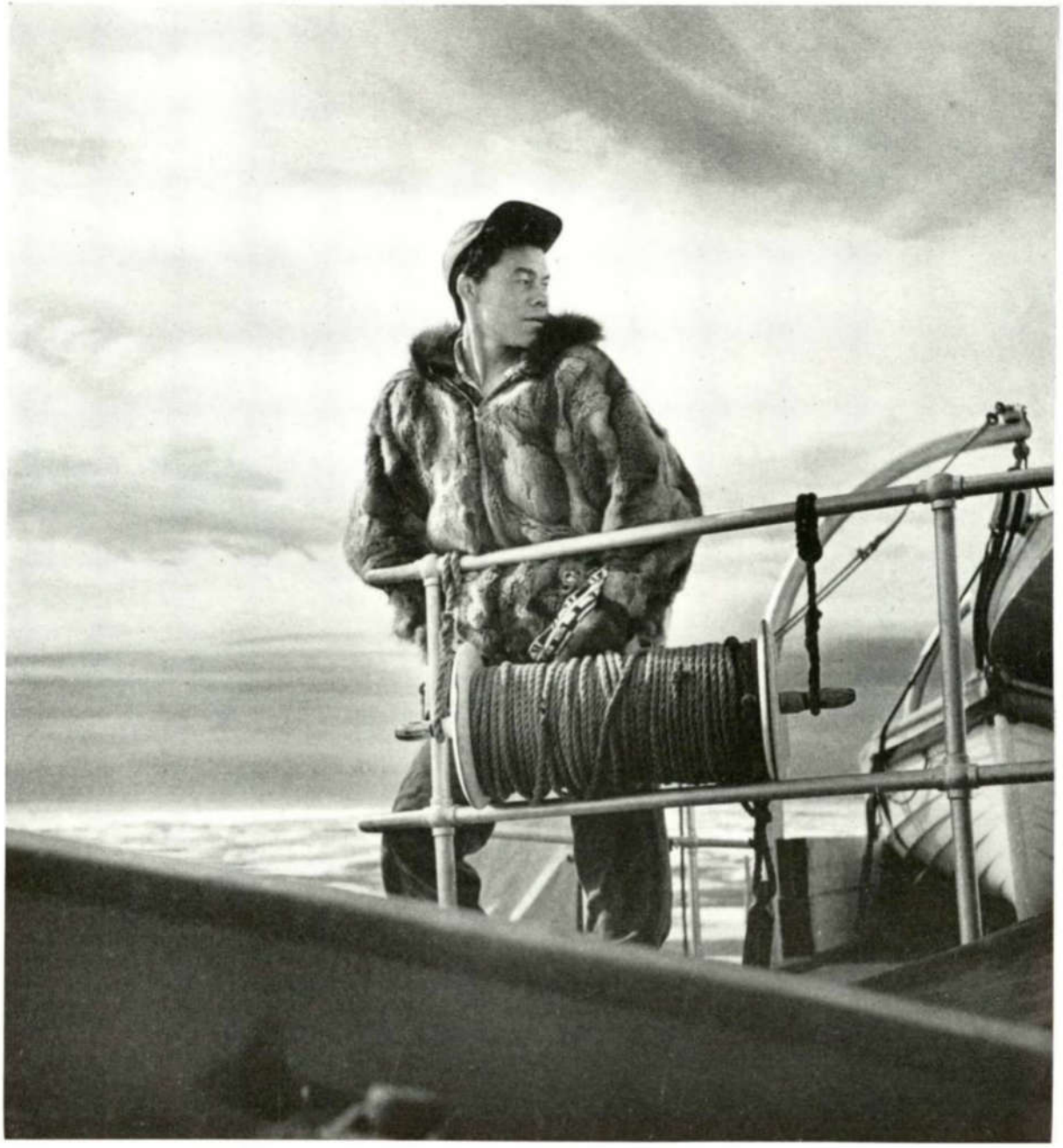
The "Countess" as she looks today, in a little park close to Winnipeg's C.P.R. station.



M.V. "Fort Hearne" loads up at Tuktoyaktuk with supplies brought down the Mackenzie River.

ON BOARD THE FORT HEARNE

Photographed by Don Blair



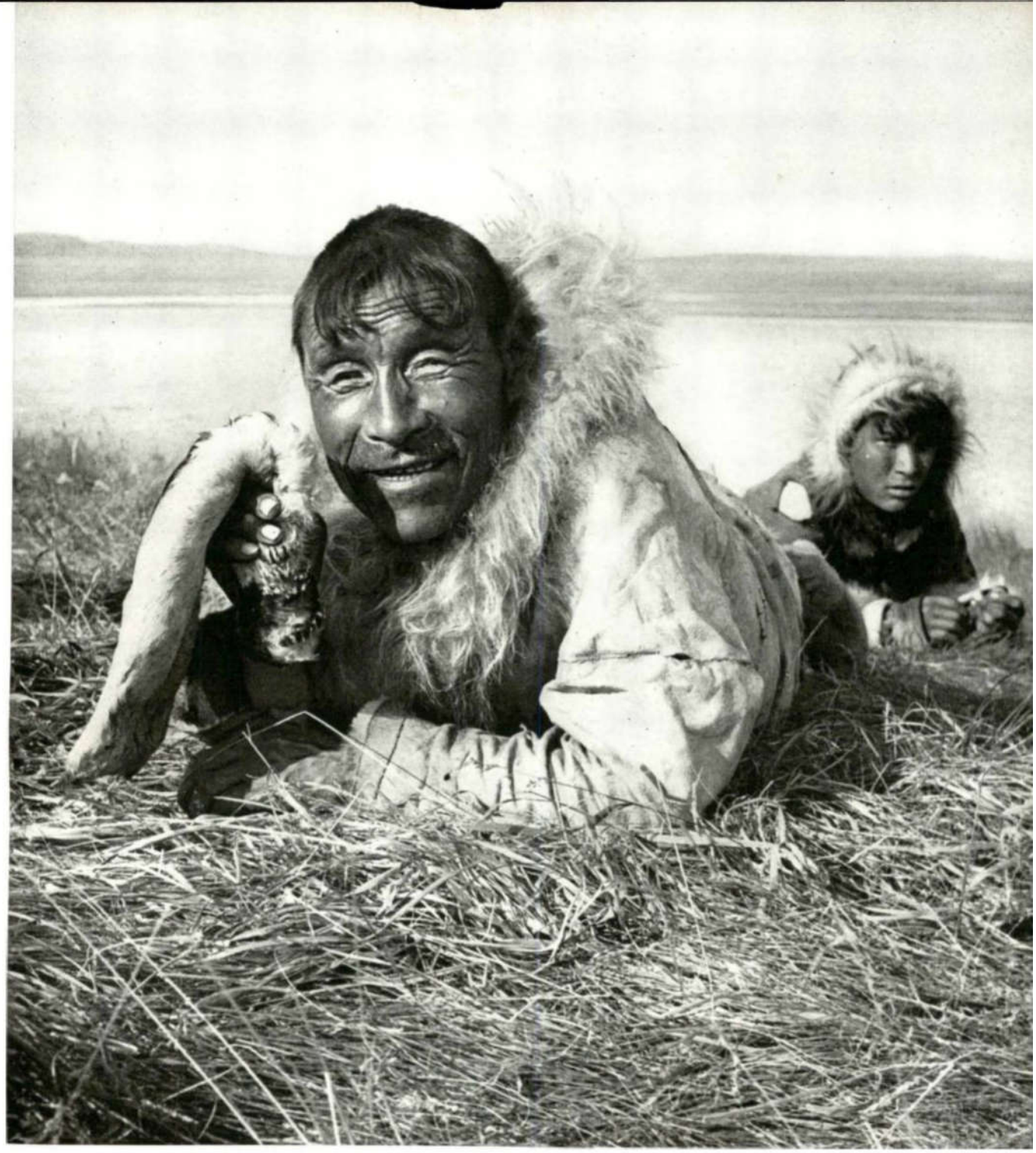
At sea, an Eskimo deck-hand surveys the ice. He wears a muskrat parka.

Each summer the Hudson's Bay Company's western arctic supply ship takes cargo east from Tuktuk to points along the coast, and returns with furs trapped by the Eskimo.

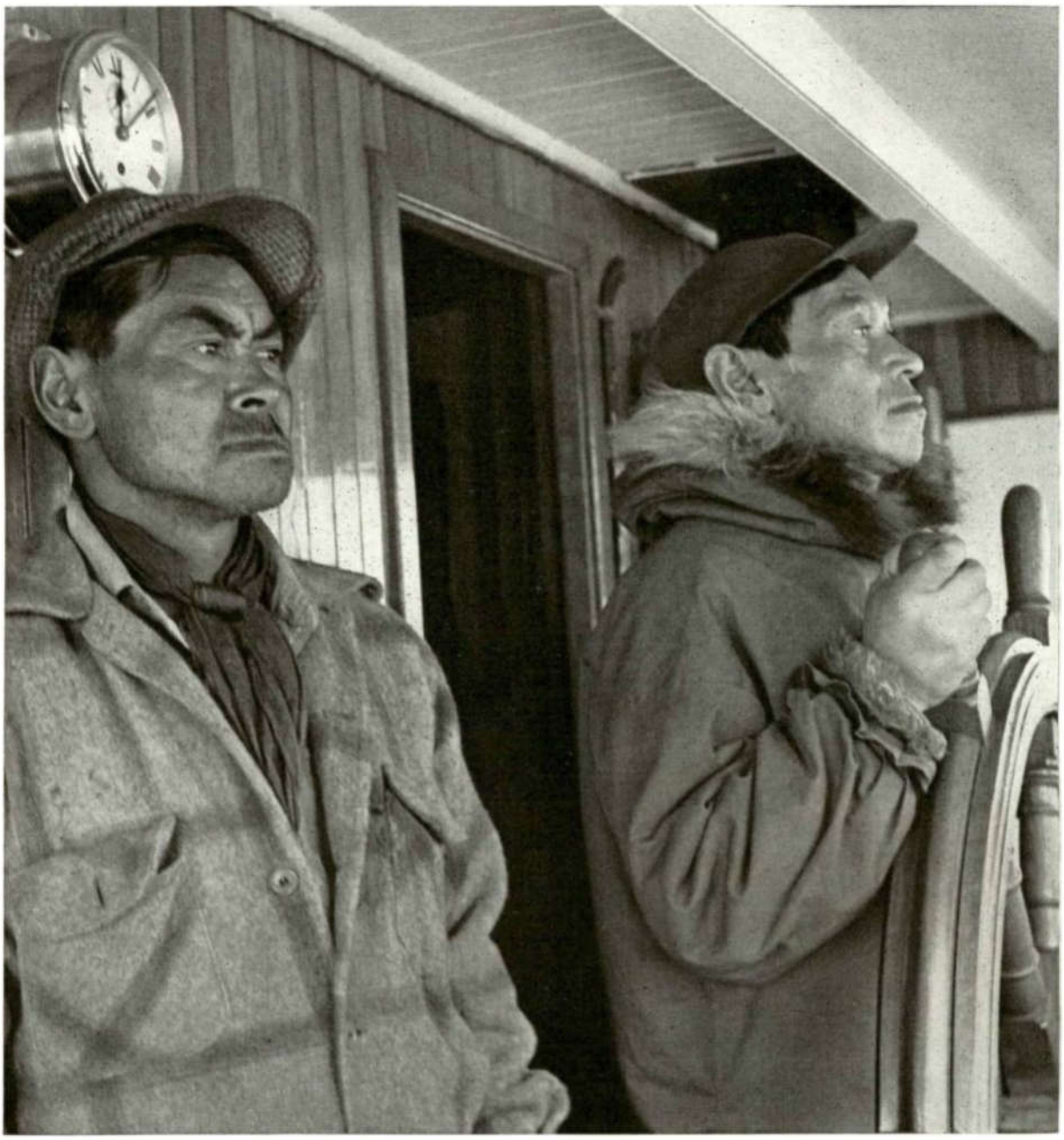
In warmer surroundings, Eskimo crew members directed by first mate Cyril Jardine unload cargo into a boat.

Back in the ice. The "Hearne" tied up to a floe.

An old Eskimo at Bathurst Inlet puts on her winter koolitak of caribou skin to pose for the photographer.

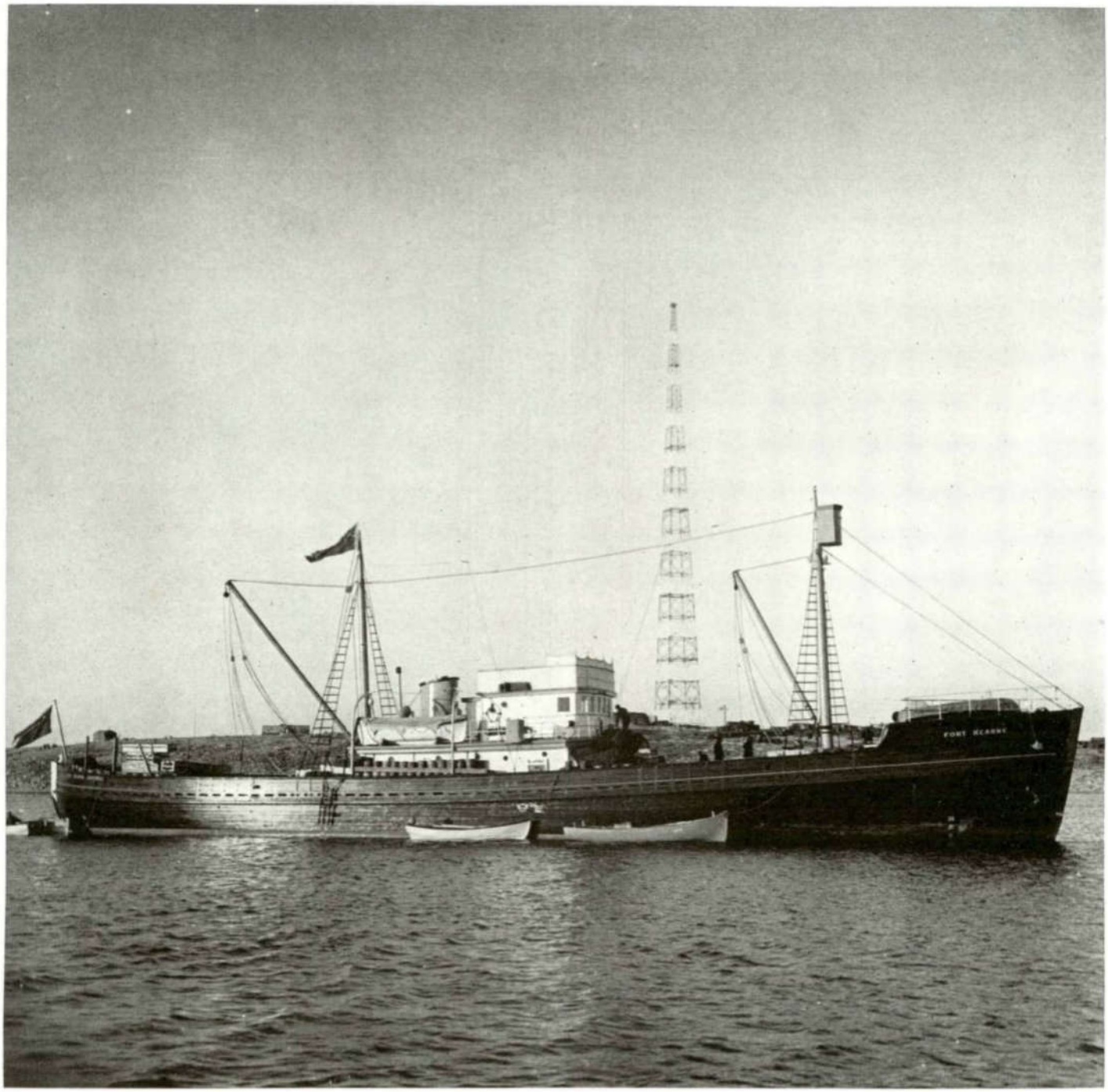


In the long grass at Bathurst, an Eskimo fights off mosquitoes with a loon skin.



On the bridge of the "Hearne," two Eskimos from Tuktuk keep their eyes peeled for ice.

At night in the saloon, a bridge game is played on a blanketed table. L. to R.—Edith Hays, nurse from the Anglican mission hospital at Aklavik; Capt. Leonard Adey, second engineer Tom Gundy, and chief engineer John Pierceu.



"Fort Hearne" lies anchored at Cambridge Bay, on Victoria Island, in the light of the midnight sun.

Capt. Adey (left) welcomes aboard the redoubtable L. A. Learmonth, post manager at Cambridge Bay.

EDWARDS OF THE EYE-OPENER

His satirical journalism roused many a laugh and some anger in the raucous days of the young West.

by Roy St. George Stubbs

ROBERT Chambers Edwards—Bob Edwards of the *Calgary Eye Opener*—was born on September 12, 1864, in Edinburgh, the son of Alexander Mackenzie Edwards and Mary Chambers. His maternal grandfather was Robert Chambers, one of the founders of the publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, a distinguished author, antiquarian and philanthropist. This family connection was always a source of great pride to Bob. "If my mother had been a gentleman," he used to say, "I would have been head of the Chambers publishing house."

Bob Edwards' parents died when he was young and two maiden aunts assumed responsibility for his up-bringing. As a young man, he travelled in Germany, France and Italy, and while on his travels, his literary blood began to tell. Before he was twenty, he edited in Boulogne a paper called *The Traveller*—a gossipy journal, written in a vivid personal style, designed to catch the jaded interest of tourists on their way to the Riviera.

Upon his return to Scotland, he spent a brief period in the office of Sir James Marwick, the Town Clerk of Glasgow.

Edwards did not seem to be able to find his proper level in Scotland. His peculiar talents were gathering rust. In his late twenties, he got the idea that he would like to be a rancher in America. Intent on gratifying this ambition, he went to the United States in company with his brother, John Edwards. In Paris, Texas, while he was looking over the field with a view to putting what little money he had into a stock farm, he witnessed the lynching of a negro. His nature revolted against any manifestation of cruelty and the experience made him feel that he had fallen among barbarians. He could not shake the dust of Texas from his feet fast enough. From Texas, Edwards went to Iowa, where he established himself as a farmer.

In 1895, he sold his holdings in the United States and moved to Alberta, settling near Wetaskiwin. But he was not to the manner born and farming rapidly lost its charms for him. His fingers were itching for the pen. Eventually he founded the *Wetaskiwin Free Lance*, the first country newspaper to appear between Calgary and Edmonton. After a brief existence, the *Free Lance* passed from the scene. He next started the *Alberta Sun*, which was first published in Leduc and later in Strathcona, where it sometimes appeared under the name of *Strathcolic*.

In 1902, while living in High River, Edwards brought out the first issue of the *Eye-Opener*—in which he gave a sales talk explaining that he could supply a good, safe family paper for $1.50 a year, but if the other kind of paper was wanted it would cost a dollar a year more. The *Eye-Opener* caught the public's fancy immediately, and its editor, in search of wider fields, soon transferred from High River to Calgary.

It was supposed to be a weekly, but it appeared whenever Edwards, who once described himself as a bull on the whiskey market, could keep away from "convivial occupation" or could raise the money to pay his printer's bill. In apologising for an issue which had been unduly delayed, he once remarked: "Every man has his favourite bird. Mine is the bat."

Edwards kept no books and had no regular subscribers' list. His readers had to resort to the news stands if they wanted to get the *Eye-Opener* regularly. He was proud of a letter he once received from a rancher in the foothills, who wrote: "Some time ago I sent you a dollar subscription to the *Eye-Opener*. So far I have only got one. Enclosed is another dollar. Please send me another *Eye-Opener*."

In spite of his free and easy methods of doing business, his circulation went as high as 30,000.

Forming its opinion on hearsay evidence, this generation has come to regard Bob Edwards as a sort of journalistic freak, who served a highly-spiced menu of scandal and gossip to an undiscerning public. In justice to him, it is time that this opinion was set right. A true literary craftsman, he belonged to his own generation, by whom he was much appreciated. He must be measured by the rough and ready standards of his times.

His purpose went deeper than to amuse. He was a genuine crusader, giving battle to the political and social evils of the day.

His *Eye-Opener* was a true mirror of the old West. It was strong meat, meant for pioneer appetites that could find no enjoyment in journalistic pablum. With Bob Edwards a spade was always a spade. Words flowed from him in rough Rabelaisian torrents. Needless to say he caused a great deal of embarrassment to those matter-of-fact souls who cannot see a joke with a spy-glass.

No person and no institution was proof against his wit. One of his best sallies was his take-off on the Canadian Navy, then consisting of two ships, the *Niobe* and the *Rainbow*, on the occasion of the Duke of Connaught's arrival in Canada as Governor-General in 1911. Edwards had the whole Canadian Navy drawn up in two lines of battleships, the *Niobe* forming one line and the *Rainbow* the other. As the Duke's cruiser steamed between these two lines, the whole Canadian fleet fired a salute from its

• Roy St. George Stubbs practises law in Winnipeg. He is the author of *Lawyers and Laymen of Western Canada* and *Prairie Portraits*.

"Joseph Seagram's affecting letter of regret said: 'Though unable to be with you in the flesh, my spirit is with you. . . .'"

DRAWINGS BY KAMIENSKI

"Eventually they became masters, so it was not long 'til I had no farm."

12-pounders. The Duke obligingly stood on the bridge with his hand to his ear so as not to miss the sound. When the Duke landed, he enquired of the Minister of Militia where he got the ships. "I am not sure," replied the Minister, "but I think they came off a Christmas tree." "And where did you get your crews?" asked the Duke. "From the ranks of the party all up and down the country," said the Minister, and added confidentially that it was once discovered that one of the cooks in the navy was actually a Conservative, but the situation had been handled promptly. The crew blindfolded the man and made him walk the plank but, in their haste, they forgot to bind him first and he had struggled the two miles to shore. When he recovered his health, he brought action for damages, but on the hearing of his case, the judge sent him down for thirty days, for obtaining employment under false pretences.

As a vehicle for his satire, Bob Edwards invented a number of characters. His favorite was Peter J. McGonigle, editor of the *Midnapore Gazette*, a resourceful rascal, in whom the common elements were well-mixed.

Peter J. McGonigle was conceived in his fertile imagination by his effervescent wit, but, to the uninitiated, he appeared in the columns of the *Eye-Opener* as a real character. During his chequered career, all manner of adventures befell Peter J. McGonigle. He was once sentenced to the penitentiary for stealing a horse. On his release, he was tendered a banquet of congratulations. The *Eye-Opener's* account of this banquet ran as follows:

"A pleasant banquet was tendered by the Calgary Board of Trade last week to Mr. Peter J. McGonigle, of Midnapore, on the occasion of his release from Edmonton penitentiary, where he had spent some time trying to live down a conviction of horse stealing. Quite a number of prominent citizens were present, and the songs, toasts and speeches, passed off with all the eclat possible on such short notice. Letters of regret were read from Lord Strathcona, Earl Grey, Premier Rutherford, Joseph Seagram, W. F. Maclean, Rev. John MacDougall and others.

"Lord Strathcona's letter was typical of the general sentiment, saying, 'I regret exceedingly that I shall be unable to attend the McGonigle banquet, but my sympathies go out to your honored guest. The name of Peter J. McGonigle will ever stand high in the roll of eminent confiscators. Once long ago, I myself, came near achieving distinction in that direction, when I performed some dexterous financing. In consequence, however, of stocks going up instead of down, I wound up in the House of Lords.'

"Joseph Seagram's affecting letter of regret said: 'Though unable to be with you in the flesh, my spirit is with you. Wishing McGonigle all luck in his next venture.'

"It was sumptuous banquet, and as the walnuts, prunes and wine came on, cigars were lit, and Mayor Emerson of Calgary proposed the toast to the King. His honor expressed satisfaction in His Majesty's reign, insisting that he was as good a King as could be got for the money. He did not believe that time was yet ripe for the British Empire to be ruled by a commission, as this had been tried in Calgary with poor satisfaction. He was quite agreeable that the King should remain on his throne to the end of his term . . . .

"Mr. McGonigle's rising was the signal for vociferous applause. It was fully ten minutes before the honored guest, who was visibly affected, was allowed to proceed. He then said he was willing to let the dead past bury its dead. The horse in question had died shortly after he was parted from it. . . .

"The speaker paid high tribute to the hospitality of his Edmonton host, Mr. McAulay [Superintendent of Edmonton penitentiary]. But he lamented that in spite of the number of bars on the premises there was nothing of an enlivening nature to drink. In conclusion he asked that a silent toast be drunk to the memory of the dead horse . . . ."

Bob Edward's report of the banquet in honour of a horse thief nearly proved his undoing. A copy of the *Eye-Opener* in which it appeared was sent to Sir John Willison, editor of the *Toronto Evening News*, then Canadian correspondent

of a London daily. Taking fiction for fact, Willison wired a story of the banquet to London. Lord Strathcona read about it in his morning paper and, to put it mildly, was annoyed. He immediately consulted his solicitors. Senator James Lougheed of Calgary was instructed to bring both criminal and civil action against Edwards. Lougheed tried to explain to the English solicitors that the whole thing was a joke—but the long suit of the English solicitors was not humour. "Does the King's writ not run in your territory?" they cabled Lougheed. Lord Strathcona kept enquiring as to whether Edwards had been jailed. Meantime, Edwards, in great glee at the tempest he had caused, went about saying, "Let them prosecute, I am ready for them." Wise in the ways of the West, Senator Lougheed knew that any action taken against Edwards would end in downright farce, and finally prevailed upon Lord Strathcona and his battery of English solicitors to call off their threatened proceedings.

Another character that lived and had his being only in Bob Edward's fertile imagination was Albert Buzzard-Cholmondeley, a younger son of Sir John Buzzard-Cholmondeley of Skookingham Hall, Skookingham, Hants, England. At his family's earnest solicitation, Albert Buzzard-Cholmondeley came to Canada with a few thousand crisp pound notes in his baggage, to start life anew under new skies. Unfortunately, though he changed his skies, he did not change his habits. He duly invested his capital in a farm in Manitoba but soon failed in this venture. Explaining his failure to his father, he wrote: "In my labours, I required several assistants, H. Walker, J. Seagram and J. Dewar, all of great strength and fiery temperament. Eventually they became masters, so it was not long 'til I had no farm."

After his failure as a farmer, Buzzard-Cholmondeley packed his things in a large envelope and struck out for Calgary. Here he renewed his acquaintance with H. Walker, J. Seagram and J. Dewar. For a time he tended bar for a hotelkeeper whose prosperity dated from the hour of Albert's arrival in the West.

As he drifted about the West, he gave a graphic account of his wayward life in a series of notable letters to his father, several of which have been preserved for posterity in the columns of the *Eye-Opener*.

We find him writing to Sir John after a long hard winter in Peace River:

"I am now, however, happily married to a half-breed, and have three bronze colored papooses—your grandchildren, dear father. We are all coming over to visit you at Christmas, when you will be having your usual big house party at Skookingham Hall. My wife is most anxious to meet her husband's people, and the better element of English society. The Hall will be a refreshing change from the tepee.

"If I only had about a thousand pounds I would invest it in the cattle business, and forego the pleasure of a visit home. But I do not know where to lay my hands on that amount. Dear old dad, I know how glad you will be to see . . . . Your affectionate son, Bertie."

Bertie's father rose to the occasion and sent him the money to buy a ranch, but Bertie did not have the ranch long. With the active assistance of his old friends, H. Walker, J. Seagram and J. Dewar, he soon failed at ranching as dismally as he had done at farming.

Soon after this failure, a serious misfortune overtook Bertie. He explained his sorry plight in a memorable letter to his father.

"When you open this letter at the breakfast table, do not read it aloud to my lady mother and the girls. I am in direst distress, and now have to postpone indefinitely my newspaper venture at Leduc.

"You remember my writing you that my half-breed wife was very ill and was being attended by an Indian medicine man, who beat a tom-tom by her bedside to drive away the evil one? Well, now she's dead. Her untimely death affected me deeply. So enraged did I become after brooding over the strange practices of this tawny Aesculapius that I determined to kill him. Before doing anything rash, I consulted with a friend, one of the most distinguished bartenders of Edmonton, who promptly offered me profound sympathy and a small flask. His advice seemed very reasonable. 'Shoot him, by all means,' he said, 'but don't use shot. Put salt in your shells, and you will thus both scare and hurt him without actually having a corpse to dispose of.'

"Returning to my tepee, I loaded up a couple of shells with salt as per advice, and proceeded to pepper the old gentleman. I let him have both barrels at three foot range. He was stone dead.

"Then began my troubles. The coroner examined the body, and a heartless jury returned a verdict of wilful murder. I explained that I had only used salt, not wishing to do other than nip him a little. 'That may be so,' said the coroner, 'but unfortunately you used rock salt.' As a matter of fact I had no table salt.

"I am now incarcerated in Fort Saskatchewan penitentiary awaiting trial. Owing to recent events with the police, I am chained to a ring in the floor of my cell, and visitors have to talk with me through a megaphone placed on the top of a bluff half a mile from the Fort. My bartender friend sent a box of cigars but the policemen smoked them to make sure there were no files concealed. Think of your Bertie in a murderer's cell.

"Dear father, I must have a few hundred pounds immediately to secure the services of a lawyer from Calgary. There is a famous lawyer

"I am now incarcerated in Fort Saskatchewan penitentiary awaiting trial."

there by the name of P. Nolan. All the best murderers go to him. On one occasion, my friend the bartender told me through the megaphone, Mr. Nolan defended a man who had killed another by filling him full of buckshot. His line of defence was that deceased had come to his death through natural causes, because how could a man be expected to live with a pound of lead in his vitals. The jury took the same view, and the murderer is now living a virtuous life as a travelling man.

"I ask you, father, can the family afford to be disgraced for the want of few hundred pounds? Cable the money. If I get Nolan I am saved, but a man's neck cannot be saved on jawbone alone.

"Father, you may refuse me. The evening of my life has come and I am alone. Alone I drink in the solitude of my cell. There is nothing else to drink. If you decide to leave me to my fate, heed, I beg, my last request. Send a ten-spot to the hangman pleading with him to keep sober for my sake. As for me, it will be the last drop I shall ever take. . . . Your wretched son, Bertie."

Bertie did not hang. His father made haste to send him the money to brief the eminent counsel, P. Nolan. After a stirring plea by P. Nolan, the jury returned a verdict of inevitable accident, amid the rejoicing of Bertie's old friends, H. Walker, J. Seagram and J. Dewar.

After his trial Bertie found his feet at last. Going on from strength to strength, he finally became president of a flourishing concern—the Black Cobra Distillery Company. The crowning triumph of his eventful life was his election to the Canadian House of Commons. He ran on the Black Cobra ticket—one in every home. He gave the voters the solemn assurance that, if elected, he would make his mark at Ottawa as the most straight-forward grafter of his time. This promise, and his generous habit of giving two bottles of Black Cobra to doubtful voters and three bottles to ballot stuffers, assured his election at the head of the polls. Hansard is silent as to his parliamentary career.

Bob Edwards lived before the public in the columns of the *Eye-Opener* for twenty years, yet, in private life, he was the most diffident and reserved of mortals. He hated crowds and would appear at public functions only when assured that he would not be called upon to speak.

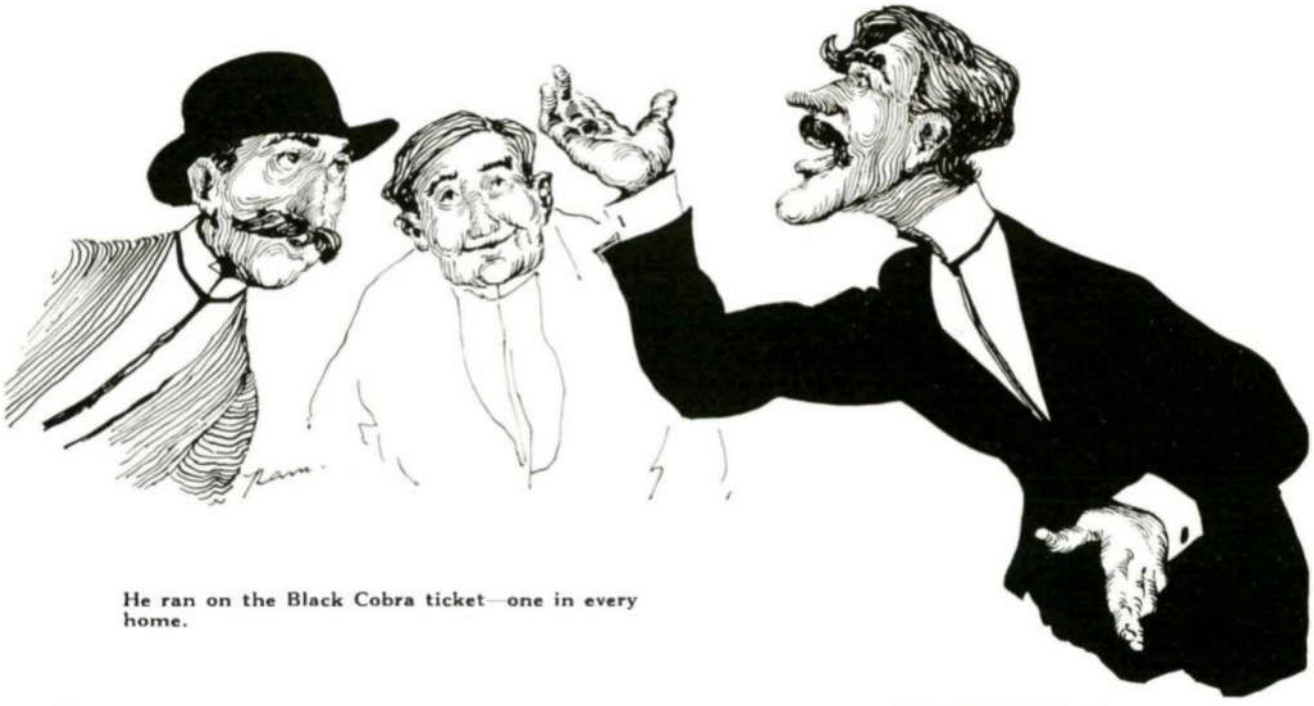
With the few friends for whom he had a genuine fellow-feeling, he could be utterly charming. Like Dr. Johnson he loved to fold his legs and have out his talk and when he and his pals got together they made an all night session of it. He and Paddy Nolan—his spiritual brother and temporal adviser—were bosom friends. Both were great humourists, but Nolan was a talker while Edwards attained his full stature as a wit only when he had a pen in his hand.

Bob Edwards only scratched the surface of his talents. This he knew all too well and it disturbed him. When he thought about himself too much, he always ended by trying to drown his thoughts in a bottle.

Many of his casual observations in the *Eye-Opener* go deep. They show the direction of his thoughts. He once wrote: "With a certain class of high-bred Englishman there is only the twinkle of a star between the glory of a well-wined mess, with its artistocratic glamor and bottle-nosed colonel, and a shack on a western ranch. A slip in a sum of algebra and the trick is done." Was he thinking of a certain Scotsman when he wrote these words? There was only the twinkle of a star between the Bob Edwards that was and the Bob Edwards that might have been.

Edwards was prevailed upon to enter the political lists in the provincial election held in Alberta in 1921. He ran as an independent candidate for Calgary in a field of twenty-four candidates, and was given a comfortable majority at the polls.

But about the time of his election his health began to break under the strain he had placed upon it. When his energies were at a low ebb, he contracted influenza and died from a heart attack brought on by his illness on November 14, 1922. His passing turned the page on a chapter in the history of the West—the old free West that made him possible. ◆



He ran on the Black Cobra ticket—one in every home.

Trapping the BIG HORN

by Zeta Graysen

ALL PHOTOS FROM OREGON STATE GAME COMMISSION

There was plenty of action when some California Bighorn sheep were corralled in the Chilcotin country for shipment to Oregon.

Game Warden Ken Walmsley and Cece Henry about to load one of the captured sheep.

I OPENED the door of our cabin and a sheet of paper fluttered to my feet. "If you want to see the fun," it read, "come to the sheep trap today. We're going to load 25 wild mountain sheep (we hope!)."

It was from our next-door neighbour, Lawson Sugden, big game management officer in the Williams Lake area of British Columbia, where we live.

Plans had been afoot since the early spring, between the B.C. game management division and Oregon State conservation officials, to transport a number of California Bighorns from the Deer Park ranch in Chilcotin, B.C., to the Hart Mountain area in eastern Oregon.

The Deer Park band, consisting of an estimated two hundred and twenty-five sheep, is believed to be the largest of its kind in existence at the present time. Canadian biologists have observed this band closely during the past ten years, and the sheep have shown little increase in their number, which led to the conjecture the area may be overstocked.

At one time California Bighorns were plentiful in the state of Oregon, but today they are extinct. It is believed the decrease in number from the Deer Park area will minimize the danger of loss by localized disease; and the increase in the Oregon area (a natural abode for the California Bighorn) will increase the population of this rare species in North America.

The Deer Park band makes its year round range in one area, a habit that is unique in the annals of the Bighorn, who usually migrate from high to low altitudes for the winter feeding. These particular sheep can be seen at any time of the year, grazing along the steep grassy slopes overlooking the Fraser River, thirty miles from Williams Lake.

"Actually," says Lawson Sugden, "the sheep have nowhere else to go. There are no readily accessible mountain ranges in the area."

A conservative estimate of the remaining Bighorns in B.C. is between a thousand and fifteen hundred. There are various bands scattered throughout the interior, at Chilco Lake, Churn Creek, Clinton, Lillooet, and the Okanagan, to name a few. The "season" is closed in the Deer Park ranch area, and has been for a good many years.

It was on Jack Moon's Deer Park ranch, between the craggy slopes and grassy benchland overlooking the Fraser, where the sheep are known to bed down, that the sheep trap was constructed.

The two-acre oblong enclosure was fenced with seven foot high page wire, and topped with two strands of barbed wire. The grassy double slope on which it was built created a hogsback up the centre. Two large gates were suspended above the openings at the top and bottom of the trap by means of rope, and two snow-fence wings flanged out from the bottom opening. A shorter fence on the left hand side of the trap veered into the bottom, terminating in a narrow area, somewhat resembling a rodeo chute. All interest converged on this smaller wing, as it was here the men hoped to finally subdue the sheep.

• Mrs. Graysen and her husband came to the Cariboo from the Coast four years ago. Several of her articles on the country and its people have been published.

Two last obstacles posed a sticker for Lawson. What delicacy could he use to lure the sheep into the trap? And how could the gates be closed once they were lured in?

The various offerings he finally chose with which to tempt them were carrots, food pellets, saltlick, water, alfalfa, various grains, and—of all things—cabbage! Amazing as it may seem, it was later discovered the sheep had shown special preference for the cabbage. These tid-bits were a far cry from their usual diet of bunch grass, rabbit bush, wormwood, sage brush, service berry and Douglas fir.

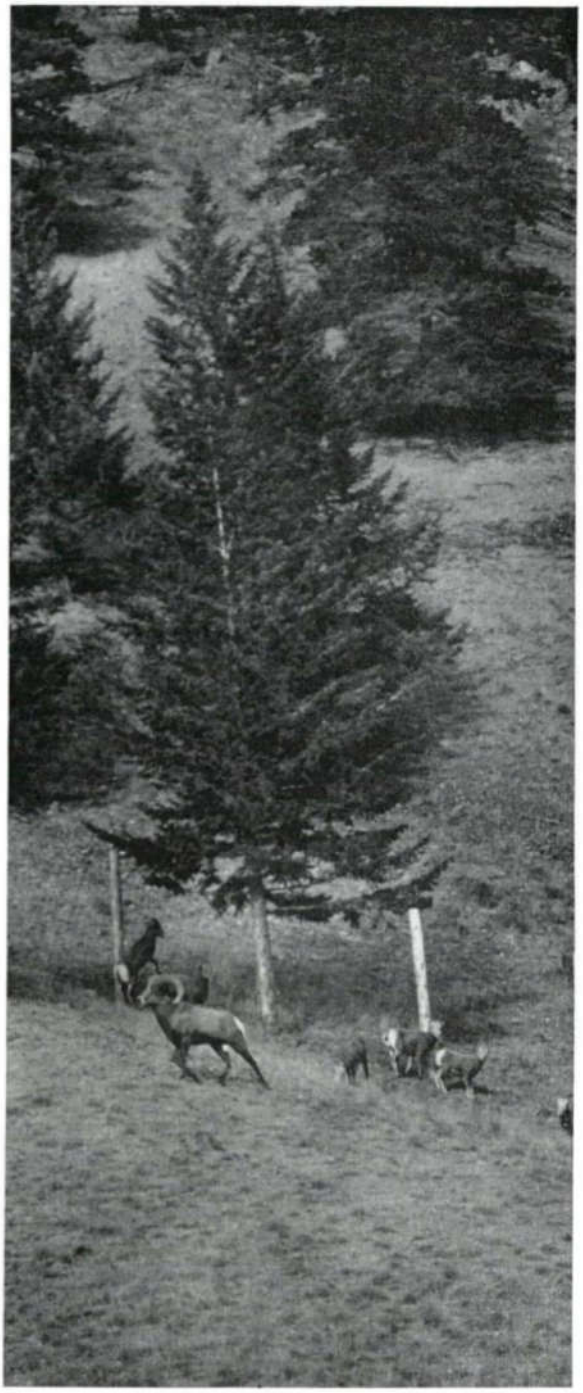
How to close the gates once the sheep were within the trap was solved by Doug Stevenson, a mining engineer, who is now general manager of McKenzie's Ltd. at Williams Lake. Doug suggested taping a detonator cap around the rope that held the gates. Wire was strung from the top to the bottom gate, and beyond for six hundred yards to the nearest clump of fir. Hidden here beyond view of the grazing sheep was an electric plunger. When the time came Doug's plan worked without a hitch.

Lawson covered the thirty miles from Williams Lake to the sheep trap a good many times in the few weeks preceding the culmination of the project; and when he arrived bright and early on November 5, he viewed the scene with perfect satisfaction. One of the biggest obstacles had been overcome, for there were twenty-eight California Bighorns within the trap, nibbling contentedly on the various foodstuffs. It seemed there were as many more sheep on the outside of the fence, enjoying the same fare. Lawson hurried to the clump of firs where the wire cable terminated and plunged the firing mechanism.

The two small explosions severed the ropes, and the gates dropped down into place. Lawson then hurried back to town and phoned the good news to Oregon. He gathered his crew of men and made plans to leave for the sheep trap early the next day.

The November morning was a gem of brilliant sunshine as we drove along in admiration of the reds, beige, and green of the rugged scenery along the Fraser River. A few trucks and cars were parked at a safe distance from the sheep trap, with a little knot of people gazing at the animals within the enclosure. The sheep were huddled together fearfully at the farthest end of the trap. Every once in a while they would break into a little trot, heads up, alert, watching the people below with seeming perplexity. Outside the fence more sheep trotted back and forth, occasionally butting the wire, as if they too would like to be inside with the rest of their kind.

To me, who had never seen any but the stolid domestic sheep, the sight was unbelievable. We were granted permission to go inside the enclosure along with a few other people who had come to take pictures and notes on the project. Lawson warned us the game department would not be responsible for anything that might happen to us while there. Clutching our cameras, we began to climb the first slope that took us closer to the sheep. A big ram with full curled horns eyed us suspiciously, as he paraded back and forth between his little group and the human interlopers.



The big ram tries to make a getaway.

"Stay behind that big rock," my husband spoke sternly. "When the chase starts they may run anywhere." I took a place beside the rock and tried to smoke a cigarette. No use. I was too excited. A few men strung out along the centre of the ridge, while one man went up the right side of the trap to flush the sheep down. With a light clatter of tiny hooves they swept down the left side of the enclosure. A few unsuspecting sheep sped on into the trap, while others led by the big ram cut across the area just a few feet in front of me. They seemed more astounded at

the sight of me, than I was of them, so I relaxed and decided to keep my place beside the rock. But I didn't stay there long.

There was more excitement at the bottom of the trap, where three husky men grappled barehanded with three kicking sheep. At first they decided to rope each sheep separately then carry it down to the truck. It soon became evident the ropes would have to be dispensed with in such a small area. The wear and tear on both parties was reduced when two of the men simply grabbed a sheep and carried it out. It seemed at times amidst the dust and leaping sheep the men were going to come out second best.

After the first three sheep were captured, their age and sex determined, and their ears tagged for identification, the men relaxed for a few minutes. "That's rougher than ropin' calves," one rancher commented, as he mopped the dripping perspiration from his face.

Within the double-decker truck which the Oregon game officials had sent for the job, the sheep panted loudly. But soon they evidently realized nothing further was about to happen to them, and settled down quietly.

Then the chase began all over again; flushing them from the right side of the trap to the left. The next time four sheep ran into the trap at the bottom, and the remainder swerved and swept across the centre of the enclosure. Sometimes it appeared they were rushing directly toward me, then the group would split with some rushing past me above the rock, and the remainder swerving off behind me. I sat down on the ground and the big ram charged past me several times.

But he never once ran into the small trap. The men finally decided they would try and rope him. Here was a chance for someone to become hero of the day. Murray Taylor, of the B.C. Forestry, threw the first rope but missed. As the ram thundered off down the hill, Bob Mace (of the Oregon party) tried his hand. Bob had no time to ponder his luck, for as the rope tightened over the curled horns he felt a terrific pull.

The old ram leaped about six feet in the air, then dug in stubbornly. This was the toughest adversary Bob had faced yet in a tug-o-war. As the men attempted to carry the old ram down the hill he grunted and kicked, making it quite clear he didn't approve of this undignified manner of travel. It soon became apparent they would have to hog tie him, to make any progress. I could swear there was a look of disgust, rather than fear on the ram's face, as they trudged him off toward the truck. Contentment reigned soon after he was placed beside the rest of his charges.

When the required number of sheep were enclosed, which included two rams, plus twenty-three ewes and lambs, the big truck moved off on the beginning of a trip that would take them to new pastures, and a new home. Word received a few days later stated the sheep had arrived, and all were in good condition. The strange trip with its cargo of bighorns took just a little over thirty-six hours.

Due to the success of the operation, these bighorns now roam the slopes of eastern Oregon, unwittingly trying to establish new roots on terrain where their species has been extinct for almost fifty years. ◆

The big ram is roped. Bob Mace is in the middle.

THE FORMATIVE YEARS—II

The second half of an article on the early settlement of the area which, 50 years ago, became Saskatchewan and Alberta.

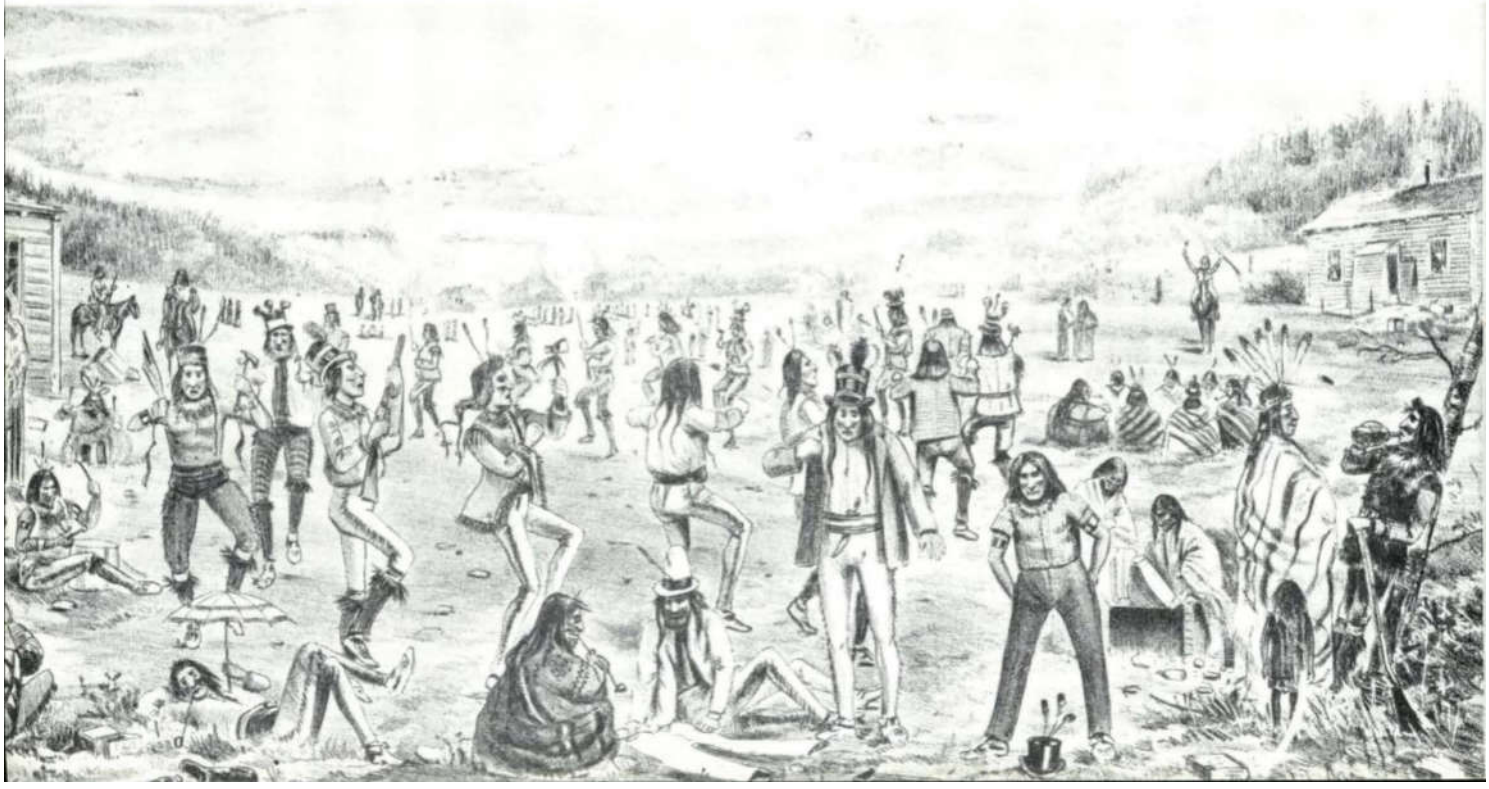
by Margaret Stobie

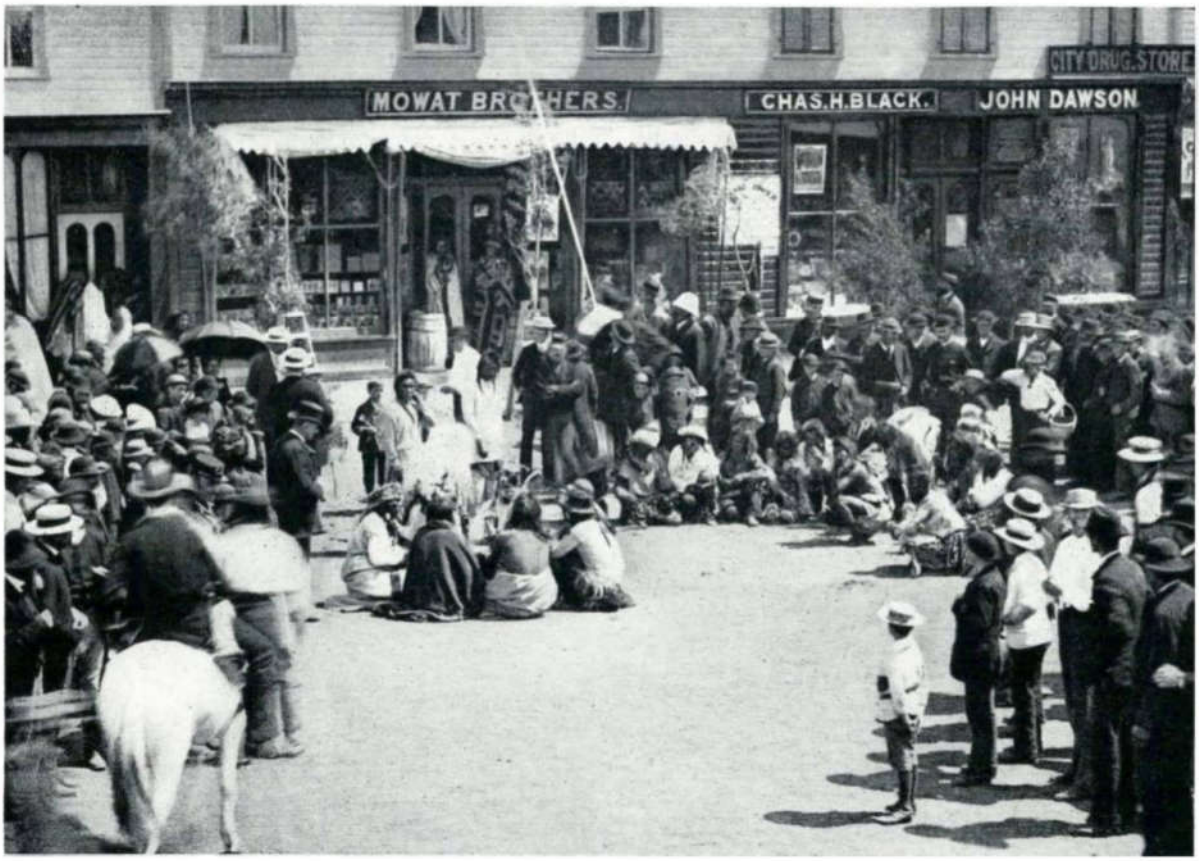
IN 1885, the population of the Territories consisted of 23,344 whites, 4,848 half-breeds and 20,170 Indians. The majority of the white settlers were those who had hurried into the south following the building of the railroad, and their numbers were increasing. The majority of the half-breeds and of the Indians were settled in the north, in the Saskatchewan country. All three elements of the population were dissatisfied with the way the Government's policies were working out, however well-intentioned they might have been as abstract plans, but it was among the half-breeds and the Indians that the disaffection flared into open rebellion.

The North-West Rebellion was a curiously split affair. To the east around Prince Albert, the Indians remained quiet and the half-breeds rose. Further west around Battleford, there was little action among the half-breeds, and indeed some of them suffered as heavily as the other settlers. Here it was the Indians who rose. The first open sign of what was to come was a fracas involving the farm instructor on Poundmaker's reserve in June, 1884. Two weeks later Riel arrived at Duck Lake. In the following months the tension mounted, and the small, isolated white settlements, two hundred miles and more from the railroad, grew afraid. In *The Saskatchewan Herald*, P. G. Laurie adopted a deliberate policy of whistling in the dark, trying to minimize the rumours, and praising the good qualities of both Indians and half-breeds. But in his first issue in January, 1885, there is an ominous note: "The Indians have always been in the habit of paying their compliments to their white brethren by calling on them on New Year's Day. This year, however, they all stayed on their reserves, and even those living about town paid no visits."

The outbreak came on March 18. The telegraph wires had been cut and the news came to Battleford only through occasional runners: the Government stores had been sacked at Batoche, there had been a battle at Duck Lake, the police had abandoned Fort Carlton, and the people of Prince Albert had barricaded themselves in the two brick buildings in town, the Presbyterian church and the manse.

The looting of the old town of Battleford. From the *Canadian Pictorial and Illustrated War News* of 1885.





Street scene in Regina, probably at the time of the Riel trial. *Mrs. H. G. Wade*

When word came that Poundmaker and his men were advancing from the west on Battleford, the little settlement in the flats fled across the swollen river to the police barracks at the top of the north bank. In the following days they watched helplessly while the Indians looted and burned their homes. "We *looked very hard* at them," says Laurie. Then came news of the destruction of Fort Pitt and the massacre at Frog Lake, while by night the sky was lit with the fires of settlers' homes. Another danger loomed, and in his diary for April 13, Laurie writes, "a belt of fire more than twenty miles in length encloses us on the north," but on April 16, Col. Otter and his men arrived on the south bank. A scow was put into the river, and the people of Battleford returned to what had been their homes.

With the surrender of Big Bear at the beginning of July, the rebellion was over, and attention swept again to the south where, wisely but to Laurie's fierce disappointment, the venue of the trials was set at Regina. Controversy, legal, political, racial, and religious, raged around the strange figure of Louis Riel. Poundmaker and Big Bear were imprisoned, Riel executed, but for over a year there are recurrent alarms of Indian risings in *The Herald*. Laurie would not minimize again. Finally with the death of Poundmaker, his long admiration for the man breaks through his rancour. "His death practically settles the Indian question in the north on the side of peace, there being no one left clever or influential enough to take up the banner he has just laid down."

Meanwhile the Territories were burgeoning. More settlers were coming in, the Lieutenant-Governor proclaimed the incorporation of Calgary and Prince Albert as towns, and of Wolseley and Indian Head as villages. The editor of *The Calgary Herald*, the mayor and other officials of the town went to jail for contempt of court in a whiskey selling case there; the effigy of a whiskey informer was hanged and a school was opened at Macleod; tourists were rushing to the healing waters of the Hot Springs at Banff; a telephone line was operating between Saskatoon and Prince Albert; and Battleford gradually crossed the river and climbed the hill to establish itself anew on the high and commanding plateau alongside the police barracks. Hope was in the air: "Strong assurances are given by railway magnates that a railway will be pushed forward to this place with such speed that the cars will be running by January 1, 1887."

Moreover in the Territorial government, the number of elected members had increased to twenty-two, at last Battleford was represented, and this body was now dignified by the name of Legislative Assembly. Ottawa had further decreed that the Executive Council was henceforth to be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor from

• Mrs. Stobie, a frequent contributor to the C.B.C., concludes her review of Saskatchewan's growth up to 1905.

among the assembly's members. The legislature passed one important bill: it created a Board of Education to have supreme control over all schools in the area, with the Lieutenant-Governor as chairman over the two sections, Protestant and Catholic. It also revised its list of the rights of the Territories upwards from sixteen to twenty-four and sent a delegation to Ottawa to press the claims. One of the new demands was for the right of settlers to use the wood on their lands, without charge, for fuel and for necessary building; and another was for a trail to be built to Peace River, which had already gained fame for its produce. Chief among the reiterated demands were those for reduced freight rates, for federal grants based on population, for full authority to be vested in the Legislative Assembly, and for representation in the Dominion Senate and Commons.

The Government conceded the rights of the Territories in one important matter, and on January 11, 1887, a little over ten years after the Territories had been organized, the Official Gazette published a proclamation giving representation to the North-West Territories in the Dominion Parliament. At last the Territories could come to grips with the government. The concession had one other result: for the first time, partisan politics entered not only Territorial affairs but also *The Saskatchewan Herald*, for Laurie was a passionate admirer of Sir John A. Macdonald. Elections were held, the Conservatives swept the plains, and four members were returned, two from the north and two from the south. Laurie was jubilant, and he reports: "The Dominion Government will be petitioned immediately to recognize the Territories as a Province and admit it to all the privileges of Confederation."

The burning questions now were: What will the name of the new province be, and where will its capital be located? To Laurie, the obvious answer to the second question was the central location of the original capital, Battleford. And of course, there were "strong assurances" that a spur line would immediately be pushed north from Regina to that place.

A spur line was built in 1890, but when it reached Saskatoon, instead of turning northwest to Battleford, it went northeast to Prince Albert. It was another hard blow to Laurie. It was true that the wagon-freighters had now to go only a hundred miles to Saskatoon instead of the two hundred-odd to Swift Current, and in subsequent Christmas seasons the Battleford merchants advertised "Cranberries from Cape Cod and Oysters from Baltimore," but the round trip still took a good ten days even in fair weather. Edmonton was in a similar state of disappointment, and Laurie sympathizes with "that ancient town," begun as a Hudson's Bay Company post in 1795, in its "struggles against the strenuous efforts of powerful forces organized to side-track the town in the matter of railway connections."

But by this time, the local discontent in Edmonton and in Battleford was only a more intense expression of the frustration that was spreading throughout the Territories. The settlers, the majority of whom had come from Ontario, stubbornly refused to see why they had lost the ability to manage their own affairs simply by moving from one place to another. The Government as stubbornly refused to give financial authority into the hands of the Legislative Assembly. And so, under the leadership of F. W. G. Haultain, a young Macleod lawyer, a second North-West rebellion took place, this time quietly and with no shots fired. Two successive executive councils resigned over the issue of responsible government. As a result, in 1891 the Government extended the powers of the assembly. It was another great step forward.

Even having won this struggle, the people of the Territories were not content. The four members whom they had sent to Ottawa had been unable to work the miracles that had been expected of Dominion representation. The Government kept postponing the question of provincial autonomy, nothing was done about the freight rates, and the federal grant for public works—for bridges, ferries, and roads—was woefully inadequate for the increased population and the additional settlements. Then too, the railway companies had practically stopped building, and the rapid development which had seemed inevitable after the great movement of the C.P.R. through the south had failed to come. New settlers now were few.

And then there were the Indians. The settlers at least had a voice and could make their protests heard. The unenfranchised Indians could not. As Laurie surveyed their plight on the seven reserves in the Battleford area, he became deeply depressed. The reserve system, which had seemed to be a sensible plan when it was begun, had turned out to mean a squalid and hopeless existence for the natives of the country. He was most concerned about the young people. "The Indian problem can best be solved by preparing the young to earn their own living and assimilating with the population of the country; and to this end it is more to their interest to have them away from the reserves than fenced in on them . . . Break up the reserves, encourage the old, and educate the young." The whole experiment of the Indian reserves confirmed him in his opinion that "colonies of any kind are objectionable."

Yet the country he was in was good, of that Laurie was sure, and every so often he publishes articles, designed to catch the eyes of possible settlers, extolling the "good land, wood, pure living water, and healthy growth" of the area. He urges farmers to plant more trees for windbreaks and shelter belts, and every spring he advertises for sale shrubs and berry bushes. More than that, to show that the Battleford area could produce anything that the rest of the country could produce, he starts a small orchard and proudly reports its progress. But by 1895 the population of Battleford had reached only about 600.

The next year a change came. After eighteen years of Conservative rule, the country as a whole embarked on what was to be fifteen years of Liberal rule. Now began the second great movement of the people, this time chiefly through the central and northern Territories, and at last,

The office of the *Saskatchewan Herald* at Battleford. *Ernest Brown Collection*

after twenty years of waiting, the Saskatchewan Valley came into its own. Yet the movement was not one of unmixed joy.

The Government had a plan, a simple and straightforward one. What the Territories—and the railways—needed was population, a population not afraid of hard work and accustomed to farming. And the Government looked for recruits wherever they could find them. The only thing that the simple plan left out of consideration was human beings, a governmental hiatus of which the Territories had already had ample experience. There was the matter of colonies. For years the Territories had protested against exclusive colonies, either religious or national, because, as Laurie puts it, "They tend to prevent assimilation with the Canadian people, which is so important a feature in the development of national character." Now there came a plethora of colonies. There was the matter of homesteaders. As consistently as they had opposed colonies, just as consistently the Territories had fought to have the homesteading regulations relaxed and the price of land reduced. Now the Government granted much more favourable conditions to the colonies than were even yet allowed to the would-be settler from the rest of Canada. There was the matter of the franchise. As early as 1882 Laurie had advocated the gradual enfranchisement of the Indians, but the natives of the country still had no vote, while the foreign-speaking immigrants, who knew nothing of the problems of the Territories, had the right of immediate franchise. Laurie suggests, and again he echoes a widespread feeling, that their franchise be postponed until the second election after their arrival. There was the matter of racial relations. With the evidence all around them of dismal governmental failure in this matter, the people of the Territories were now forced to face the same problem, hydra-headed.

As for the newcomers, they were in a position not unlike that of the early settlers. Coming in with high hopes and great energy to make a new life for themselves in a new country, they found a population already there that regarded them with varying degrees of resentment. Altogether, this shot-gun wedding was a thoroughly uncomfortable situation for all concerned.

Battleford's first intimate experience of the Government's plan was with the peculiarly involved problem of the Doukhobors. Laurie's dismay is almost comical. To the north, south, and west of Battleford were Indian reserves. Now, forty miles to the east, around Redberry Lake, the Government had planted another reserve of 1,700 people who spoke a strange language and who protested vigorously against the laws of the country regarding

This old picture of about 1904 was supposed to show how men waited for land at Battleford during the boom of that period. *Courtesy Elizabeth Henderson*

property, taxation, education, marriage, and even the census. It was clear to Laurie that the Government was set on the destruction of "the pioneer settlements of the Saskatchewan Valley."

However, he was willing to give credit where credit was due, and when presently to his pleased surprise the Doukhobors come to Battleford to trade, he praises their fine grain and vegetables and their honest dealings. Before long, he has a certain possessive pride in the local colony: "The Doukhobors around Red Berry Lake have been looked upon as amongst the most advanced of their class." And in January of 1903, he is relieved to report, "At a meeting of the Swan River Doukhobors, with Peter Verigin, their leader, present, resolutions were passed in which they pledged themselves to become British subjects and Canadians, and to take out patents on their homesteads."

But in the years following the advent of the new Government, the Territories were also occupied with a host of other developments. The Government arranged the Crow's Nest Pass agreement with the railways, and at last the freight rates dropped. A. E. Forget, a French-Canadian lawyer who had come out from Montreal in 1876 to be secretary of the first North-West Council, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor. Calgary became a city. The Yukon gold rush was on, and the riches of the Great Slave Lake area were discovered. A new transcontinental railway company was organized, and shortly the C.N.R. began to knit together the links of road that led to the Saskatchewan country. In Battleford, a solitary Chinese, whose compatriots were to become as characteristic a feature of prairie towns as the grain elevators, appeared and opened a laundry. One of Laurie's sons joined the volunteers for the war in South Africa.

At last the Government extended the same favourable conditions to the single homesteader that it had granted to the mass movements of the colonies, and a new surge of land-seekers began to fill the plains. At the turn of the century when the old queen died, the population of the Territories was over 400,000, twenty families were already established at Peace River Crossing, eighty-seven new schools opened within the year, and Saskatoon became a village. In the following year the people of Edmonton were vastly entertained at the sight of two railway companies racing through the town, vying with each other for the best river crossing.

Groups began to come together for mutual aid. Cattle-breeders formed an association to improve the herds and to facilitate sales. At Indian Head, with the backing of the Territorial government, the farmers organized the Grain Grower's Association to proclaim their grievances and to protect themselves against the railways. The Territorial government itself went into hail insurance "as a collecting agency for farmers who join together for mutual protection."

The only group who did not share in the general well-being were the Indians. In successive years Laurie grimly publishes the fact that the local mill has again closed for the season, "having ground all the wheat belonging to the white settlers and leaving the Indians to wait." Of another matter he writes, "The Indian Department will this season do their own freighting—that is, the Indians who have horses will do the work for the glory of the thing and the Department will take credit for saving the amount they would have had to pay to white freighters." When the Government announces to the Indians that their cattle are not their own to sell as they may need, Laurie cheers for their resistance: "The Indians reply that if the cattle belong to the Government, then let the Government put up hay and feed them."

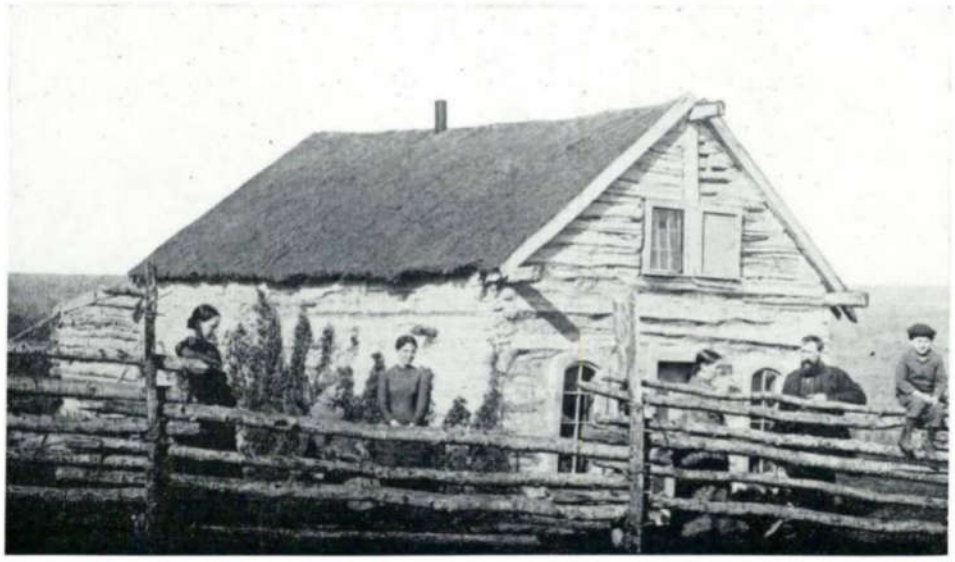
But the Indians were lost in the vast incoming wave. Not only Canadians but thousands of American settlers began to pour into the Territories, and even Battleford saw prosperity at last. In 1903, settlement in the Battleford district was "more than double the total of all the years preceding since the land office was opened 16 years ago." In May of that year, just as the Barr colonists were

entering the town, P. G. Laurie, who had worked and hoped in the Saskatchewan Valley for twenty-five years, died at the age of seventy. His family carried on the paper. In the next two years, Regina, Edmonton and Prince Albert were incorporated as cities, Battleford officially became a town, and the C.N.R. began to push out from Saskatoon on its way to link up with Edmonton. Then Battleford was given a fatal thrust by the railway, which established a new townsite on the far bank of the Saskatchewan and called it North Battleford. The old town gradually dwindled.

Over all other interests during these years, however, was the drive for federation. There was lively divergence in some of its issues. In the Assembly in 1899, the young member from West Calgary, R. B. Bennett, of whose autocratic manner Laurie sternly disapproved, demanded "a Provincial constitution with Calgary as the Capital." Two years later, Manitoba offered to assist this plan by annexing the Territories east of the Third Meridian, which included Prince Albert. The Edmonton Board of Trade then offered a counter plan of two provinces, one south and one north. Calgary could have the south, and Edmonton would be capital of the north. The Territorial Assembly itself pressed for one province, no annexation, and wisely said nothing about the capital.

There were other questions, more profound than these, about provincial rights. The Territories wanted, above all, to avoid "the trouble Manitoba has had in securing what is at best but a partial recognition of her Provincial rights," for Manitoba could collect no revenue from the large areas of tax-free land that the Government had granted to the railways, and it was the only province that did not own its public lands. Haultain again led the struggle, and in 1902 Laurie reprinted Haultain's summary of the Assembly's views: "We believe in one Province with all the rights of the other Provinces. We believe in the sole control of the lands, mines, minerals and royalties in the country. We believe in adequate compensation for all public lands which have been used for federal purposes. We believe in getting a fair adjustment of any public debt which may be charged against the country. We believe we should be relieved from all railway and other exemptions." However, the Government opposed the views and postponed federation. Two years later, *The Herald* reports, "Laurier's Government is not prepared to listen to such claims as that the Territories should be given the unsold public lands or compensation for lands sold or granted to the railway companies." At the end of that year, word came that an autonomy bill for the North-West Territories would be presented to that session of Parliament, and Haultain and G. H. V. Bulyea hurried to Ottawa in a final attempt to establish the Territories' claims, but when Laurier introduced the bill to the House on February 21, 1905, it was clear that the Territories had lost in the issue of provincial rights. There were to be two provinces with provisional capitals at Regina and Edmonton. "The lands are retained by the Dominion Government and the power to deal with education is taken away." The second condition was an unexpected blow, for the Territories were justly proud of their management of educational affairs, but in spite of the outcry the bill passed the Dominion Parliament in July. Yet for the majority of the people of the Territories, the fact of federation was the paramount fact; other issues could be dealt with later.

"On August 31, the Government of the North-West Territories ceases to exist." A. E. Forget was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan and G. H. V. Bulyea as Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta; Edmonton celebrated its new status on September 1, Regina on September 4, with Sir Wilfrid Laurier present at both celebrations; elections were held and a Liberal Government was returned in each province. Then on Wednesday, December 20, *The Herald* reports: "The first through train between Edmonton and Winnipeg passed through North Battleford on Monday." Union was an accomplished fact. ◆



A victim of fire during the 1885 Rebellion, this was the Laurie home three years before it burned. P. G. Laurie is second from the right, his wife second from the left, with their three daughters and small son.
Courtesy Elizabeth Henderson.

This year the centenary of the first American locks was celebrated at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Dr. Bald here sketches the history of the two towns—American and Canadian—beside the rapids.

St. Lusson takes possession of the West for France—a ceremony enacted at the Sault in 1671. From the drawing by C. W. Jefferys, by courtesy of Imperial Oil Ltd.

THE STORY OF THE SAULT

by F. CLEVER BALD

THE inhabitants of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, were early astir on June 18, 1855. News had come that the *Illinois* was steaming up the St. Mary's River. The word was passed from neighbour to neighbour. Little groups of excited persons chatted together in the streets, and volunteer lookouts took up the watch for the approaching ship.

During two years the villagers had lived with the great engineering work that was to provide a channel for ships between Lake Superior and the lower lakes. Many had believed that it would never be completed; others hoped that the attempt would fail, for their livelihood depended on portaging goods around the rapids.

But the task had been finished within the two-year period required by the Legislature, and Michigan officials had accepted the canal and the locks in the name of the state from the builders, the St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal Company. All was in readiness for the opening of navigation.

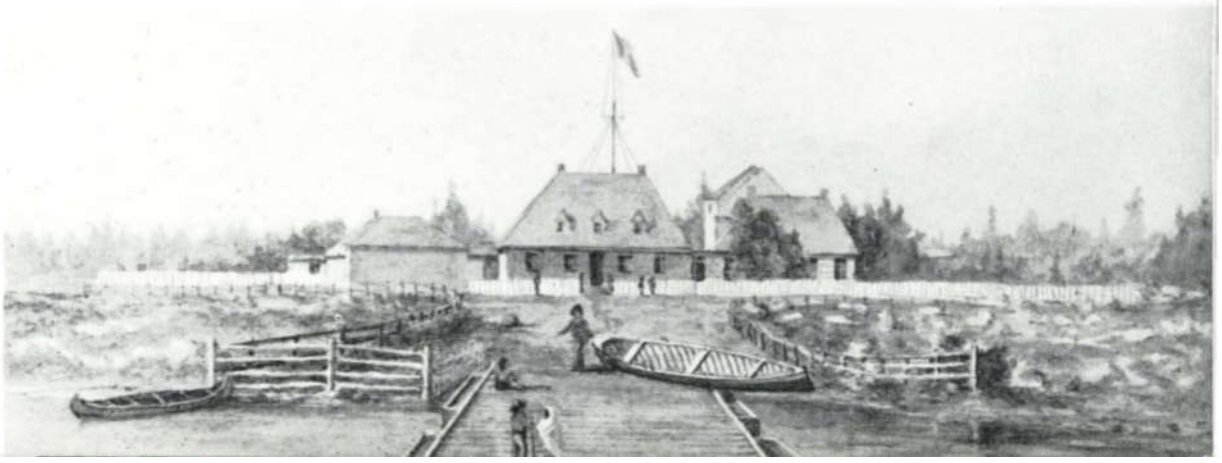
When the *Illinois* appeared, the banks of the canal were lined with spectators. According to *The Lake Superior Journal*, the local newspaper, more than 1,000 persons saw the first ship locked through. The occasion was enlivened by a band "discoursing sweet music."

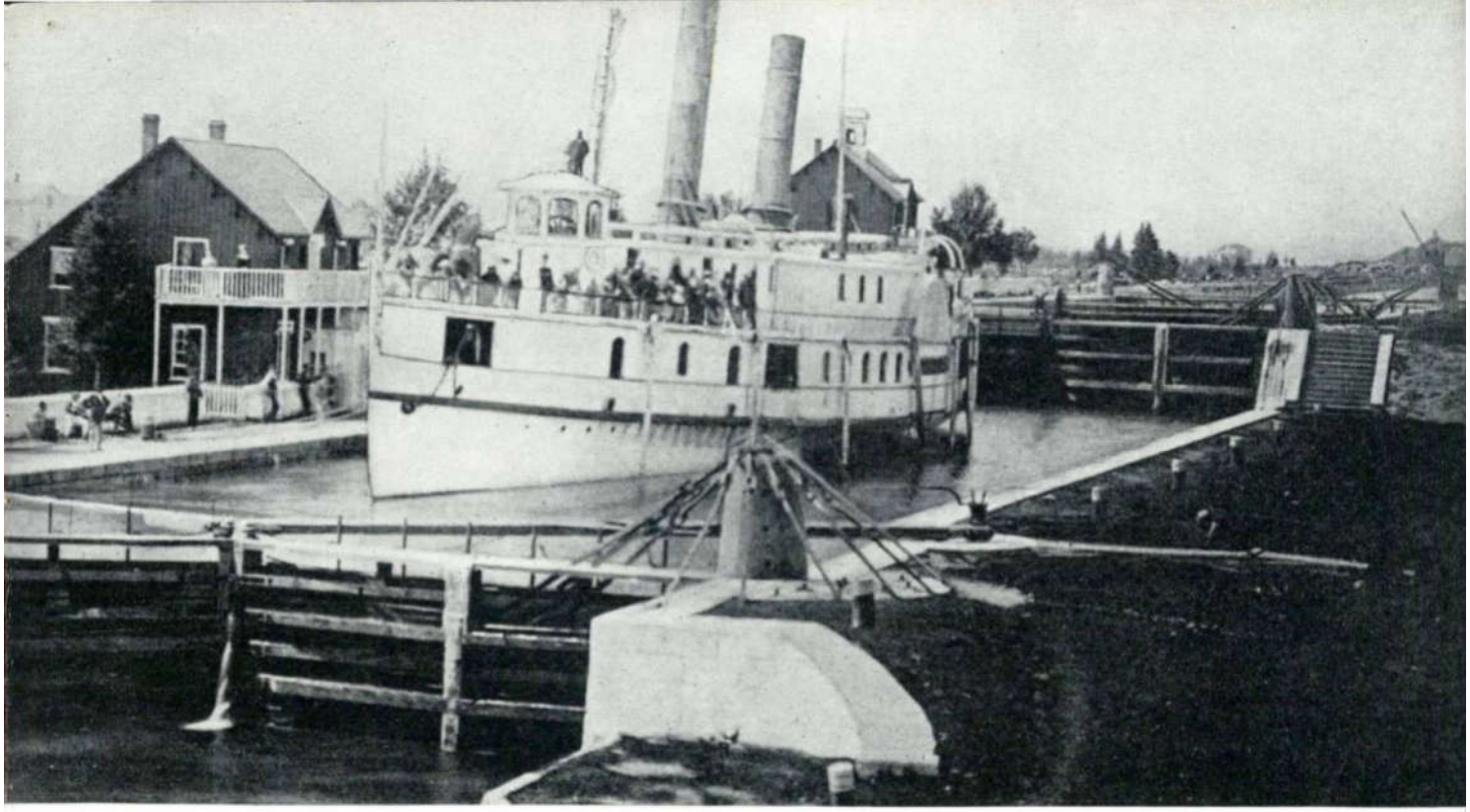
At eleven a.m. the *Illinois* approached the lowest gates. Men tugged at the windlass but it refused to open. A block of wood that had become wedged under one of the gates was removed, the gates swung open, and the ship entered. They were closed, water was let in, and the *Illinois* rose to the level of the upper lock. The middle gates swung open. They were closed, water was admitted, and the ship soon reached the level of Lake Superior. Then the uppermost gates were opened and the *Illinois* steamed into the canal on the Lake Superior level.

Only the great caisson gate, built to protect the locks, now remained to be passed. After some delay caused by a pile of earth on the bed of the canal, the ship steamed out into Lake Superior and rockets were fired to celebrate the first passage through the locks. Later, the first downward bound ship, the *Baltimore*, passed through. At last the Great Lakes were united.

The outlet of Lake Superior had been discovered as early as 1622 by a Frenchman, Etienne Brulé. Seeking a waterway to the Pacific, this hardy protegé of Samuel de Champlain had reached the Sault and Lake Superior by way of the Ottawa and Lake Huron. For centuries the Chippewa had camped periodically beside the tumbling waters and caught plentiful supplies of whitefish. Jesuit

The Hudson's Bay post at the Sault. From a water colour by Wm. Armstrong in the Toronto Public Library, sketched in 1853.





The first lock, built in 1855. *Michigan Historical Commission*

missionaries, Fathers Isaac Jogues and Charles Raymbault, found them there in 1641 and preached the gospel to them. The priests named the rapids the *Scult de Sainte Marie*. Later, the name was shortened to Sault Ste. Marie, and still later it became the Soo.

Furs were the principal product for export from New France. Indians from the upper lakes brought them to Montreal in the spring by way of the Ottawa River route. In 1654 hoping to encourage a steady traffic, the Governor sent Médard Chouart, Sieur des Groseilliers, and a companion to accompany the Indians on their return trip. Not until 1656 did they again see Montreal. With them they brought a great fleet of canoes loaded with fine furs. Having seen the riches of the upper country, Groseilliers was eager to return. Although the Governor denied his request for permission to go, he and his young brother-in-law, Pierre Esprit Radisson, left secretly with the Indians in the summer of 1659.

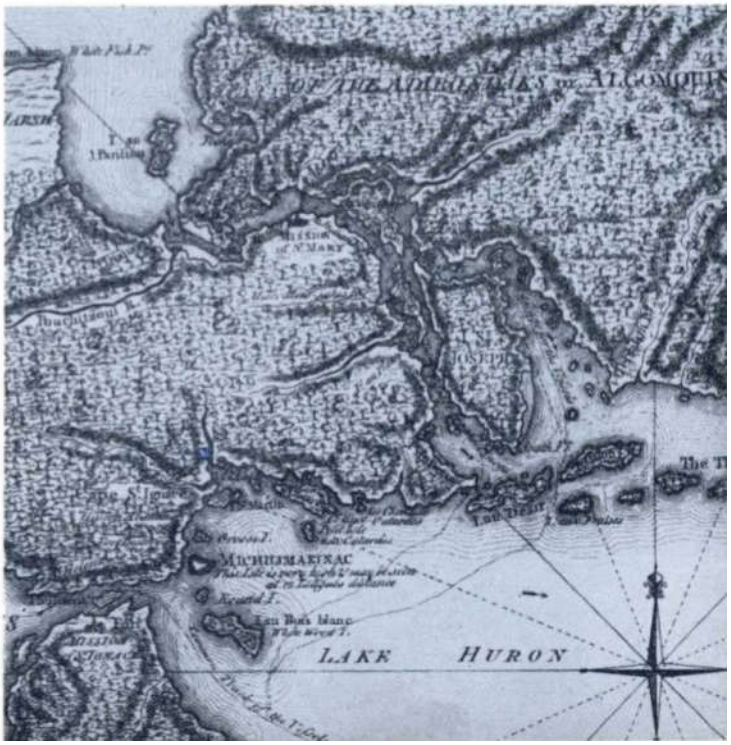
At the Sault they halted and built shelters to rest a while after their labours. They found the water teeming with whitefish, and there were deer, bears, and beavers aplenty for food and furs. Radisson declared that "it was to us like a terrestrial paradise." Revelling in the bounty of nature, in the freedom of the wilderness, and in the respect shown them by the Indians, he exulted: "We weare Cesars, being nobody to contradict us."

North of Lake Superior Groseilliers and Radisson heard from the Indians about Hudson Bay and the rivers which flowed into it. The rest of their story—leading up to their visit to London which resulted in the foundation of the Hudson's Bay Company—is too well known to repeat here.

Although the French had rejected the plan of Groseilliers and Radisson, they were aware of the value of the north country and of the danger from the English. Jean Talon, the intendant of New France, now acted to obtain the north country for France. He dispatched Nicolas Perrot to conduct as many Indians as possible to the Sault, where Father Jacques Marquette had established a mission in 1668, and François Daumont, Sieur de St. Lusson, to take possession for the King of France.

On June 14, 1671, Indians from fifteen tribes gathered on a grassy slope near the foot of the rapids. From the mission enclosure, not far away, emerged a little procession.

Part of a "Plan of the Straits of St. Mary and Michilimakinac" printed in the 18th century. From the Coverdale Collection. *C.S.L.*



• Dr. Bald is president of the Historical Society of Michigan and professor of history at the University of Michigan. He is the author of *Michigan in Four Centuries*, and *The Sault Canal Through 100 Years*.

At the head were four Jesuit missionaries in sombre black robes. Following them came St. Lusson in the blue and white uniform of an army officer of France, and *coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs* in leggings and hunting shirts, with brightly coloured sashes around their waists.

Before the audience of Indians, the Frenchmen halted. They set up a cross and a post to which was affixed the royal arms. St. Lusson drew his sword and with his left hand picked up a piece of sod, a symbol of the soil. Raising his sword in his right hand, he cried out in a loud voice that he claimed for Louis XIV all lands discovered and to be discovered to the seas of the north, west, and south. The Frenchmen fired their guns and shouted "*Vive le Roi.*" After an address by St. Lusson, translated for the Indians, the Frenchmen signed the official report and the chiefs affixed their totems. Presents were given to the natives, and they reciprocated with bundles of rich furs. A great bonfire in the evening closed the proceedings. By this ceremony all the interior of North America became in theory part of the realm of Louis XIV.

Sault Ste. Marie itself became an important resting place for explorers, hunters, *voyageurs*, Indians, and missionaries passing to and from the north and west. Among them were Louis Jolliet and Father Jacques Marquette, discoverers of the Mississippi, Sieur Dulhut, master of the fierce Sioux, and La Vérendrye, who discovered Lake Winnipeg and ranged far beyond in his search for the western ocean.

The British had never recognized the French claim to the interior of the continent. Fur traders, in New York especially, tried to turn the Indians from their French attachment and obtain a share of the rich harvest from the upper lakes. Recognizing the strategic importance of the Sault for preventing British infiltration, the Governor of New France in 1750 sent Louis le Gardeur, Sieur de Repentigny, to build a fort there. The next year the king granted to Repentigny and to Captain Louis de Bonne a seigniory eighteen miles square on the south bank of the St. Mary's River. Repentigny, who spent part of each year at the Sault, established Jean Baptiste Cadotte and his Indian wife on the land, and was successful in dealing with the Chippewa, bringing them back to their French allegiance.

The series of wars between France and Great Britain which had begun in 1689 was now drawing to a close. At Montreal in 1760, Governor Vaudreuil signed the capitulation which gave the British control of Canada. Repentigny and others from the West had fought valiantly in the defence of Quebec. Heartsick because his beloved New France had fallen into alien hands, Repentigny abandoned the seigniory and went to France. Cadotte and his wife remained in the little fort at the Sault.

After the British occupied the western posts, a small detachment garrisoned the fort briefly in 1762. A fire, which destroyed all buildings other than Cadotte's house, caused the soldiers to withdraw to Fort Michilimackinac, now Mackinaw City.

The transfer of sovereignty made little change in the fur trade. *Coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs* continued their accustomed activities, and the packs as before were sent down to Montreal. Now, however, British merchants and clerks directed the trading. Alexander Henry, after escaping from the massacre at Fort Michilimackinac in June 1763, entered into partnership with Cadotte at the Sault.

Not until 1796 did the British government relinquish the western posts to the Americans. Then the garrison, on leaving Mackinac Island, moved to a new fort on St. Joseph Island in the St. Mary's River where they were able to retain the loyalty of the northern Indians.

Near the close of the Revolutionary War, some Montreal merchants had organized the North West Company, and the Sault was one of their important posts. On the Canadian side in 1797 they dug a canal and built a lock for canoes and *bateaux*. Oxen drew the small craft through the waterway. On the south bank of the river John Johnston was their factor, and on the north bank, Charles Oakes Ermatinger. Because there was no American garrison nearer than Mackinac Island, the Sault in fact remained under British control.

Since it was on the one and only highway between the St. Lawrence and the West, all travellers to and from the head of the lakes and beyond had to pass through the Sault, and men whose names have now become famous in western history paused there on their long voyages by canoe—men like Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the Frobishers, the Henrys, Peter Pond, John McLoughlin, the McGillivrays, Sir George Simpson, James Douglas, John Rowand, Thomas Simpson, John Rae, the Deases, Robert Campbell, John Franklin, George Back, John Palliser, Paul Kane, and scores of others.

During the War of 1812, Johnston, Ermatinger and others from the Sault were in the invading force from St. Joseph Island which captured Fort Mackinac. In retaliation, in 1814 the American detachment which penetrated to the Sault destroyed the furs and the lock of the North West Company and Johnston's merchandise. But Indians and whites on both sides of the St. Mary's remained loyal to the British.

After the Treaty of Ghent, the British garrison relinquished Fort Mackinac to the Americans and built a new fort on Drummond Island, believing that St. Joseph Island would be on the American side when the international boundary was run. As a matter of fact, the reverse happened, but until 1828 Drummond Island was a place of resort for the northern Indians.

Desiring to examine the resources of Michigan Territory and to establish American authority in the north, Governor Lewis Cass led an expedition in 1820 along the shores of Lake Huron, Lake Superior, and Lake Michigan. At Sault Ste. Marie he called the Chippewa chiefs to a parley in his tent and asked them to confirm a previous grant to a tract of land so that the United States could build a fort. The Indians were in an ugly mood. Sassaba, a chief wearing a British uniform coat, rose from his seat, contemptuously kicked aside the presents which Cass had brought, and stalked haughtily from the tent. The parley broke up.

Paul Kane's painting of an Indian camp on the American side of the rapids, sketched in the year 1846. *Royal Ontario Museum*

A few minutes later Cass was informed that the Union Jack had been raised at the nearby Indian encampment. Unarmed, and taking with him only his interpreter, the governor strode across the intervening space, tore down the flag, and informed the astonished savages that only the Stars and Stripes were permitted on American soil.

The Indians sent away their women and children, and the governor's little force prepared for battle. John Johnston was away from home. Mrs. Johnston, daughter of Chief Wabojeeg, in spite of her natural feelings, acted decisively for peace. She warned the excited Indians that if they attacked the Americans, the United States government would surely destroy them. Accepting her advice, they agreed to another meeting and made the cession.

Two years later General Hugh Brady led a detachment to the Sault and erected Fort Brady on the side of Repentigny's stockade. Although the British remained on Drummond Island for six more years, American authority began to be felt in the Lake Superior country.

After the North West Company was absorbed by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, the post on the north shore of the Sault continued to be an important depot. On the south shore the American Fur Company had an office and a warehouse. Each built small vessels which plied Lake Superior, carrying fish, furs, merchandise, and supplies. But all cargoes, whether going up or coming down, had to be transshipped at the Sault.

The Michigan Legislature in 1837, following the advice of the youthful governor, Stevens Thomson Mason, provided for an extensive programme of canal and railroad building. One project was a series of three locks at Sault Ste. Marie to permit ships to pass to and from Lake Superior. In 1839 a contractor set men to work digging a canal. Although warned by the commandant of Fort Brady that they must not intersect a mill race, he directed them to do just that. A file of soldiers with fixed bayonets drove the workers from the ground, and the contractor embarked for Detroit. In spite of an amicable adjustment between Michigan and the United States government, he could not be persuaded to resume operations. It is believed that he found the job not to his liking and deliberately sought ejectment by the military.

A canal in 1839 would have been a convenience; during the late '40s and early '50s it became a necessity. The copper rush to the Upper Peninsula and the opening of iron mines in the Marquette region increased the traffic on Lake Superior. To carry the cargoes, the schooner *Algonquin* was dragged across the portage at the Sault during the winter of 1839-40. Five years later the propeller steamer *Independence* made the same journey overland, and the sidewheeler *Julia Palmer* followed the next year. Goods, however, had to be discharged and loaded as before. A tramway, on which cars were drawn by horses, was constructed in 1850 and facilitated portaging.

Michigan senators introduced bill after bill to provide national assistance for constructing canal and locks. Moved either by ignorance or by prejudice, Henry Clay of Kentucky opposed the project as "a work quite beyond the remotest settlement of the United States, if not in the moon." Finally, in 1852 Congress granted Michigan 750,000 acres of public land as a subsidy.

When the law was passed, Charles T. Harvey, a young salesman for the Fairbanks Scale Company of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, was at the Sault. He had visited the mines of the Upper Peninsula, and he had seen the magnificent stands of white pine. Writing enthusiastically about the prospects for profit, which would increase if a canal were built, he urged his employers, the Fairbanks brothers, to organize a company to build the canal. Trusting his judgment, they induced other eastern capitalists to join them in the St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal Company. Harvey enlisted the aid of James F. Joy of Detroit and William A. Burt in putting a bill through the Michigan Legislature early in 1853, providing for the construction of the canal

and the awarding of the land to the builders. The law required that the locks be 350 feet long by 70 feet wide, and that the work must be completed to the satisfaction of the state authorities within two years.

The St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal Company was awarded the contract and Harvey was appointed its general agent. Gathering men and supplies in Detroit, he sailed for the Sault and broke ground on June 4, 1853. Tirelessly he laboured to house and feed his men—at one time 1,600 of them—and to find practical solutions for problems as they arose. His perseverance and ingenuity overcame both adverse natural conditions and technical difficulties. Canal and locks were completed on schedule. Two locks in tandem raised or lowered ships eighteen feet.

The total cost of the work was $999,802.46. Harvey himself selected 140,000 acres of the best mineral and pine land in the Upper Peninsula, and others designated the remainder in the pine land of the Lower Peninsula. The

The American locks today, looking upstream.

company faithfully fulfilled the terms of its contract, and was richly reimbursed for its investment. The locks were used until 1887 when they were dismantled and replaced with a single larger one.

The new canal opened on June 18, 1855. During the first year 14,503 tons of freight were locked through. Ten years later the tonnage was 284,350, and the total reached 1,505,784 tons in 1875. Cargoes consisted largely of copper, iron ore, and wheat. The state appointed a superintendent in charge of the canal, and tolls were charged to provide funds for maintenance.

Increasing traffic made additional facilities necessary. The Weitzel Lock was completed in 1881, and in the same year the State Locks and the canal were transferred by Michigan to the United States government. Tolls were abolished, and ships passed through free of charge. The volume of traffic continued to grow, and in 1896 the State Locks were replaced by the Poe Lock. In the same year the Canadian government completed a canal and a lock, which for several years was the longest on the continent.

Port Arthur and Fort William shipped wheat from the prairie provinces of Canada; Duluth, and Superior, shipped wheat from the prairie states and iron ore from the Mesabi and the Vermilion ranges; and Ashland, and Marquette shipped iron ore from the mines of Michigan. All these cargoes passed through the locks at the Sault. The great industrial development of the United States was based on steel made from iron ore carried from the upper lakes region by inexpensive water transportation.

While this development was taking place, mainly on the American side of the river, another kind of development was being carried out on the Canadian side. In the 1890s a Philadelphia industrialist F. H. Clergue, crossed the International Bridge and saw the waters of the largest lake in the world tumbling unharnessed down the mighty rapids. He therefore proceeded to form a company and to build a large hydro-electric power plant on the Michigan side, and on the Ontario side another power house, a pulp and paper mill, and a steel plant; and in order to bring in iron ore and pulpwood from the wilderness north of the Sault, he began to build the Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway.

These industries were operated by the Lake Superior Corporation, the capital of which at one time exceeded that of the C.P.R. Later the corporation fell on evil days; but now all these industries are flourishing, and on them the prosperity of the Canadian Sault largely depends. They have made Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, the only Canadian border city which is larger than its American counterpart.

Larger ships and steadily increasing traffic resulted in the building of the Davis Lock, opened for service in 1914, and of the Sabin Lock in 1919. Both are 1,350 feet long. The first helped provide raw materials for munitions during World War I, and the second aided in the industrial growth of the 1920s. For many years the Sault canals have carried greater annual tonnage than the Panama and the Suez canals combined.

Demands for greater quantities of grain, copper and iron ore during World War II caused the removal of the old Weitzel Lock and its replacement by the MacArthur Lock. Because the canals and locks were vital to the safety of the United Nations, the Sault was the most heavily guarded place in North America. Ground troops patrolled the area, captive balloons dotted the sky, anti-aircraft crews were always on the alert, and fighter planes on nearby fields were ready to take off to destroy enemy bombers which might appear. Fortunately, the locks faithfully performed the service demanded of them, and they were essential factors in winning the war.

Although Sault Ste. Marie has changed greatly during the past century, the canals and locks are still the chief reason for the existence of the city on the American side. The greeting by townspeople of the *Illinois* in 1855 set a precedent which has been followed ever since. Today, the first ship through in the spring is met by an assemblage of residents and by a band "discoursing sweet music." The mayor presents a gift to the captain, and once again the locks take up the performance of their vital service.◆

Fort Vancouver

On August 13 the site of Fort Vancouver—now in the State of Washington—was dedicated as a national monument of the United States. The dedication was performed by the U.S. Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. James Douglas McKay, and it was doubly fitting that he should do so. By reason of his office as head of the department which cares for the National Parks and Monuments, Mr. McKay was the logical man to officiate at the ceremony. But it was an especially happy coincidence that the Secretary at this time should be the grandson of a man—Malcolm McKay—who had worked at Fort Vancouver during the regime of James Douglas, and whose grandson had been named after that celebrated chief factor who later became the first governor of B.C.

In his address, Mr. McKay, who was formerly governor of the State of Oregon, sketched the history of the fort in the days of the Hudson's Bay Company. The chairman, Frank Hjort, superintendent of the monument, outlined the story of the U.S. Army post which was built nearby after the Oregon Treaty had been signed, and where such famous soldier-statesmen as General Ulysses S. Grant and General George C. Marshall served for a time. And a representative of the Company spoke of the developments that led up to the founding of the fort in 1824-5.

Of the fort itself, no structure remains but the well, strongly built of field stone. But markers have been placed to show the positions of the stockade, bastions, and buildings, and a museum displays objects from the fort that were dug up by the National Park Service archaeologists in 1947-52. Now that the site has been preserved for posterity, further improvements may be looked for, and plans are now under way for the building of a $200,000 museum there.

Fort Vancouver is of considerable interest to the people of Oregon and Washington, since it was the largest Company fort in the west, and the headquarters of the Columbia Department, which took in all the territory between the Rockies and the sea. And it was presided over by the great John McLoughlin, whom the people who live in that country today—grateful for the part he played in helping the early settlers—have dignified with the name, "Father of Oregon." With two others, he represents the State of Oregon in Statuary Hall, Washington, D.C.

Tenting Tonight

In his article in this issue Dr. A. R. M. Lower remarks that "It is only the most Spartan summer holidayer who will travel the bush without a tent, never your old hand or Indian." That may be true of the present day, but in other days, not too long ago, it was otherwise. Ernest C. W. Lamarque, D.L.S., who served the Company in the West in the latter part of the 19th century and the early years of the 20th, recalls that in his day the tent was the exception, rather than the rule.

"For the first three years I was with the Company," he told us last year, "I never had a tent. In the summer, if it rained, one slept under the canoe; in winter, if it snowed, we were glad to accept what shelter a good thick spruce tree might afford . . . The Klondykers, etc., introduced tents and stoves for winter travel, but I do not think that many H.B. men used them till after I finally left the Service in 1906 . . . However, in August 1900, on our journey from Green Lake [Sask.] to Prince Albert, via the remains of old Fort Carlton, Ned Camsell and I used a tent, and I think I had one from Lesser Slave Lake [Alta.] to Hudson's Hope [B.C.] in the fall of 1904."

Cover Picture

The painting by W. J. Phillips, R.C.A., which is reproduced on our cover, depicts the discovery of Grand Falls, Labrador, by John McLean of the Hudson's Bay Company. McLean first saw them in 1839, during his descent of the Hamilton River, and until the outbreak of World War II, a hundred years later, when they were often seen from aircraft, few other white men had gazed on their magnificence. The discoverer himself has left us one of the best—if not the best—description of the falls yet written:

"We thus proceeded gaily on our downward course without meeting any interruption, or experiencing any difficulty in finding our way; when, one evening, the roar of a mighty cataract burst upon our ears, warning us that danger was at hand. We soon reached the spot, which presented to us one of the grandest spectacles in the world, but put an end to all hopes of success in our enterprise.

"About six miles above the fall the river suddenly contracts, from a width of from four hundred to six hundred yards, to about one hundred yards; then rushing along in a continuous foaming rapid, finally contracts to a breadth of about fifty yards, ere it precipitates itself over the rock which forms the fall; when, still roaring and foaming, it continues its maddened course for about a distance of thirty miles, pent up between walls of rock that rise sometimes to the height of three hundred feet on either side. This stupendous fall exceeds in height the Falls of Niagara, but bears no comparison to that sublime object in any other respect, being nearly hidden from the view by the abrupt angle which the rocks form immediately beneath it. If not seen, however, it is felt; such is the extraordinary force with which it tumbles into the abyss underneath, that we felt the solid rock shake under our feet, as we stood two hundred feet above the gulf. A dense cloud of vapour, which can be seen at a great distance in clear weather, hangs over the spot."

Parthia Again

In the summer packet we mentioned that three readers versed in the ways of ships and Pacific Coast shipping had taken exception to some of the statements about the S.S. *Victoria*, formerly *Parthia*, which we carried in the spring issue. Some of these statements shock the specialist more than the ordinary citizen, who would consider them only slightly off the beam; but others are more serious.

Of the latter, the outstanding example is to the effect that in 1879 the *Parthia* went to the rescue of some survivors of the *Jeannette*-Delong Expedition. This, according to the author, Mr. Faber, has been printed several times without any public objection being made to it, and indeed the Cunard Line has included it in their official history. Actually the *Jeannette* did not come to grief until 1881, and it was off the Siberian coast, far from the transatlantic course of the *Parthia*.

The other points are listed herewith, in italics, followed by the experts' comments, and the reader can judge for himself how important they are.

1. The 1887 conference granted the C.P.R. a subsidy of £60,000 a year for the Pacific service.

Terms were settled in a general way in that year, but not until 1889 was a contract for the service signed. The ships on the Orient run before that were operated without any subsidy.

2. The Parthia *was the first vessel to fly the C.P.R. house flag and the first in the C.P. ocean fleet.*

She was never owned by the C.P.R.—only chartered. The C.P. house flag was designed some years later, and first flown in 1891 on the *Empress of India*.

3. *The* Parthia's *speed was a "lumbering twelve knots."*

The *Abyssinia* crossed the Pacific at an average speed of 13¾ knots, and the *Parthia* was the faster of the two, arriving sometimes two days ahead of time. [Mr. Faber, however, got his figures from an interview with her chief engineer.]

4. In 1900 she headed north with 1200 Klondikers aboard.

In that year she made a single trip to *Nome*. It was the Nome rush, not the Klondike, that she was associated with. Not until June 1904 did she enter regular service to Alaska.

5. In 1907 she hit an iceberg. Several bow plates were bent, but replacements were unnecessary, as they "just straightened out the old plates."

Actually her bottom was punctured and No. 2 hold filled with water up to the main deck.

Well, we hope that the Parthian shot has now been fired.

Calgary-Edmonton

This seems as good a time as any to recall a small gem written by Rupert Brooke, the English poet, on his visit to Alberta forty-two years ago. It is from his all-too-little known *Letters from America* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1915) which he wrote to the *Westminster Gazette:*

"It is imperative to praise Edmonton in Edmonton. But it is sudden death to praise it in Calgary. The partisans of each city proclaim its superiority to all the others in swiftness of growth, future population, size of buildings, price of land—by all recognized standards of excellence. I travelled from Edmonton to Calgary in the company of a citizen of Edmonton and a citizen of Calgary. Hour after hour they disputed. Land in Calgary had risen from five dollars to three hundred; but in Edmonton from three to five hundred. Edmonton had grown from thirty persons to forty thousand in twenty years; but Calgary from twenty to thirty thousand in twelve . . . 'where'—as a respite—'did I come from?' I had to tell them, not without shame, that my own town of Grantchester, having numbered three hundred at the time of Julius Caesar's landing, had risen rapidly to nearly four by Doomsday Book, but was now declined to three-fifty. They seemed perplexed and angry."

NORTHERN BOOKS

ALBERTA GOLDEN JUBILEE ANTHOLOGY, edited by W. G. Hardy. McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto, 1955. 471 pages. $5.00.

SASKATCHEWAN HARVEST, edited by Carlyle King. McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto, 1955. 224 pages. Paper bound, $1.00; cloth, $2.50.

Reviewed by Margaret Stobie

IT would be foolish to try to draw elaborate conclusions about the nature of two provinces from the evidence of two anthologies. Indeed, it would be foolish as yet to draw conclusions at all about provinces which have existed as independent entities for much less than the span of one man's lifetime. Everything is still beginning and everything is yet to be done. There are the old and the new, the valley of the dinosaurs and Uranium City, the land and the people, but the two have not yet found each other. Even among the people, the mixture of races—Indian, Germanic, Latin, Slavic—which holds promise of great richness, is still a matter of self-conscious juxtaposition rather than one of homogeneity. There is no settled pattern, no tradition that has been handed down by succeeding generations.

It is this very fluidity, at once both exciting and baffling, that the two officially commissioned anthologies have attempted to set down. Its evasiveness is perhaps reflected in the widely differing editorial policies of the two books.

The Alberta Golden Jubilee Anthology, which has ten sub-editors and W. G. Hardy, head of the Classics Department at the University of Alberta, as editor-in-chief, attempts to be inclusive. Almost all of the material was written during the past year expressly for this collection. There are articles which cover time from pre-historic ages to 1955, and space from the cattle land of the south to the still unyielding oil sands of the Athabasca region. There are sketches and anecdotes of explorers, Indians, missionaries, fur-traders, settlers, newspaper editors and politicians. There are reports full of dates and statistics on education, libraries, sports, the oil boom, the fine arts and agriculture. There are some short stories, a quantity of verse, a number of pleasant woodcuts, eight reproductions of paintings, and some garish colored photographs. From this mass of material, the reader gets a general impression of a rather breathless tourist bureau.

Saskatchewan Harvest, on the other hand, is selective, and it is certainly a much more readable book. It has, of course, the great advantage of having a single editor and a good one in Carlyle King, head of the English Department at the University of Saskatchewan. By a selection of previously published poems, short stories, excerpts from novels and other longer works, and some first-hand accounts of events, Dr. King has tried to present the immediate experience of life in Saskatchewan, what he calls "the outer and the inner weather" of the province. There are some translations of Cree legends, excerpts from the diary of an 1882 settler, W. B. Cameron's account of the massacre at Frog Lake, Anne Marriott's striking poem of depression days, *The Wind, Our Enemy*, a fine short story of farm life, *Cornet at Night*, by Sinclair Ross. In this book, however, the dominant tone is a sombre one.

At first glance, these two books would seem to suggest a startling difference of character in the two provinces: Alberta a land of enthusiasts entranced by numbers and size; Saskatchewan a land of stoics concerned with what the numbers mean and what the size is worth. Yet this apparent cleavage comes largely from the differing editorial policies and does not exist in fact.

Sinclair Ross's short story, which sums up an important aspect of prairie living, is as true of Alberta as it is of Saskatchewan. Life, and particularly the life of the creative person, is cramped by the inner climate of the puritan mind and by the outer climate of the harsh domination of the land. This is a land where tragedy strikes suddenly in blizzard, in hail, in fire, and in drought, a land in which the greatest conflict is still not between man and man or between man and machines but, perhaps almost reassuringly at the present time, between man and the forces of nature. Because conflict is the sustenance of novelists and poets, or because they are personally thwarted by it, or because more of them write most effectively about dramatic situations, it is this side of life which is emphasized in Dr. King's collection. Yet in the fifty years of Saskatchewan's existence as a province, there has been more to the experience of living than cyclone, riot, depression and war. There have also been great prosperity and human achievements.

In spite of a great deal of bad writing, perhaps even by its sheer bulk, the Alberta anthology manages to convey some understanding of this equally true aspect of prairie life—the richness of the country and the vigour of the people. No doubt part of the impulse for this emphasis comes from the present heady prosperity of Alberta's oil boom, but it lies deeper than that. A handful of the more perceptive articles reveal its nature. *Inland Empire*, by Robert Collins, which is about the Peace River country, catches some of its excitement. *The Graveyard of the Dinosaurs*, by Constance Balfour Harle, and *The Silk Train*, by John S. Peach, catch some of its wonder and romance. *Five Famous Women*, by Barbara Villy Cormack, and *The Governments of Alberta*, by L. G. Thomas, catch something of its independence, one aspect of which, as Mr. Thomas notes, is "the West's deep-seated distrust of the older [political] parties." And there are occasional

• Mrs. Stobie is the author of "The Formative Years," in this issue and the last.

glimpses of a sense of values. Elizabeth Haynes, who has worked for thirty years towards the development of a theatre in Alberta, still feels the need "to work to build this the way it should be." Irene Parlby, one-time member of the provincial parliament, comments on the material wealth of the country and points out that "the great realm of the mind" is yet to be cultivated.

The truth is that in spite of the arbitrary line which separates them, these two provinces are one land, geographically, economically and culturally, and the two anthologies merely represent different facets of that land. The special emphasis of the one complements that of the other. And yet, even taken together, the two books do not present the whole quality of this vast area. In the midst of the hardship and the opulence, in the midst of the towns and the cities and the farms and the oil fields, in the early mornings and at night there is a wild exhilaration which neither of these books has caught.

BUCKSKIN BRIGADIER: The Story of the Alberta Field Force, by Edward McCourt, illustrated by Vernon Mould. "Great Stories of Canada" series. Macmillan, Toronto, 1955. 150 pages. $2.00.

Reviewed by M. H. Long
in consultation with Col. F. C. Jamieson.

MUCH more attention has been devoted by historians to the exploits of the columns commanded by Major-General Middleton and Lieut.-Colonel Otter in the North West Rebellion of 1885 than to those of the Alberta Field Force under Major-General Strange. Nevertheless the career of the latter is full of interest and by no means devoid of significance, as Professor McCourt amply shows. The alarm, amounting almost to panic, in the infant "city" of Calgary caused by the threat of revolt among powerful neighboring Indian tribes; the shattering news of the Frog Lake massacre and the fall of Fort Pitt; the summons from Ottawa for Strange to raise a military force; the strengthening of the Calgary Home Guard and the Alberta Mounted Rifles; the arrival by railway of the 56th Carabiniers of Montreal in their bottle-green uniforms and of the red-coated 92nd Battalion Winnipeg Light Infantry; the formation of Sam Steele's famous body of Scouts; the organization of wagon transport, and the rapid march north to Edmonton, are all vividly described. The author then deals with the safeguarding of the Edmonton settlement, the organization of river transport, the descent of the North Saskatchewan to Fort Pitt, the engagement with the Indians of Big Bear and Wandering Spirit near Frenchman's Butte, the junction with Middleton, and the arduous pursuit which ended with the surrender of the Indian leaders and the disintegration of their bands. He also correctly assesses the magnitude of General Strange's achievement which was all the more remarkable in that it involved the loss of life of not a single man under his command.

It is probably an attempt to secure a striking, alliterative title that leads the author to give Strange only the rank of Brigadier, though he had been promoted to that of Major-General in 1882. The frequent reference to the Winnipeg Light Infantry as the "Winnipeg Rifles" tends to confuse these redcoats with the 90th Winnipeg Rifles—a green-uniformed rifle regiment that saw action, not under Strange, but under Middleton at Batoche.

However, the only departure from accuracy that at all seriously transcends the license of the story teller is in connection with the miniature battle of Frenchman's Butte. The Butte itself has had its name given to the engagement solely because it is the most prominent landmark of the locality; but on the day of the battle the Indians were not posted upon it, it bore no trenches or rifle pits, it was not the objective of Strange's assault, and no fighting occurred on its slopes. The actual encounter took place along the edges and bottom of a coulee some distance to the north of the Butte, and the name applied to the engagement by men who fought in it was the Battle of Stand-Off Coulee. Strange's objective was the dislodgment of the Indians from the northerly rim of the coulee where they were strongly entrenched.

Mr. Mould's numerous drawings which illustrate this book are executed with an imagination and delicacy of touch which add greatly to its attractiveness.

• Mr. Long is Professor Emeritus of History, University of Alberta, and Col. Jamieson's brochure, *The Alberta Field Force of* 1885 (Battleford, 1931), is still the most authoritative study of the subject with which it deals.

LAST OF THE CURLEWS, by Fred Bodsworth. Illustrated by T. M. Shortt. Dodd, Mead and Company, Toronto and N.Y. 128 pages. $3.00.

Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius

NEVERMORE!" Few words in the language of man attain the poignancy of this, valedictory of a beautiful form of life that may be vanished forever. The dinosaurs, the vanished saurians, the pterodactyls: These we do not mourn, these were before our time; they lived and died milleniums before man as we know him appeared on the globe. But here was a race of birds whose flocks within the memory of men yet living darkened the sky. Had some great natural catastrophe overwhelmed them, had nature in her mysterious and often inscrutable machinations removed them from our ken, we still would mourn them, but without remorse for personal guilt.

Here the case was different. The guilt rests on man, and on man alone. From A. C. Bent the author quotes:

". . . slaughter by human beings, slaughter in Labrador and New England in summer and fall, slaughter in South America in winter and slaughter, worst of all, from Texas to Canada in the spring. They were so confiding . . . the gentle birds ran the gauntlet all along the line and no one lifted a finger to protect them until it was too late . . . ."

As the epic migration flight unrolls, one reads with ever increasing absorption the lonely quest of the last curlew for the mate he has never seen but in search of whom instinct continually drives him on. He finds her: and then,

• Mr. Tillenius is well known to *Beaver* readers as a naturalist-author-artist.

with the 9000-mile return flight to the mating ground almost accomplished, comes the testing of Mr. Bodsworth as a writer.

With interest mounting towards the end of the story, a fear begins to grow that the author in some ill-considered desire for a happy ending might destroy what is a true work of art. If this temptation did assail Mr. Bodsworth he resisted it. He has handled his theme with restraint and rare insight. The illustrations, too, ably abet the author's work. They reveal, beyond the accuracy one has come to expect of Mr. Shortt, a real feeling for the sweep of tundra and ocean, the drama of the vast migration route.

For the Eskimo curlew, it is too late. But such books as this, awaking us to what we have already lost, must work powerfully to rally public action to save other forms of life fast vanishing from existence. The book ends as it began—a haunting epic shadowed by the mystery for which mankind may perpetually seek the answer: the love that some men bear the birds, the lust that makes others destroy them.

THE GHOST VOYAGE OUT OF ESKIMO LAND by Gontran de Poncins, Doubleday & Co., Inc., Toronto and N.Y. 1954, 22 pages. $3.85 in Canada.

Reviewed by R. H. G. Bonnycastle

GONTRAN de Poncins is well known as author of the best-seller *Kabloona* published in 1941. That book described brilliantly (with the help of Lewis Galantière) his adventures of the previous twelve months amongst the Eskimos of the Western and Central Arctic. *The Ghost Voyage* is a translation from the French, being the account of the author's voyage out of the Arctic after the *Kabloona* year—57 days at sea from Coppermine to Vancouver via the Beaufort Sea, Bering Strait, and Dutch Harbour in the Aleutians. The time: August and September, 1939. The ship: the *Audrey B*, 100-foot motor vessel owned and operated by Art Watson and Slim Purcell, Western Arctic trappers who were returning outside after many years' sojourn in the far north. Since Poncins was seeking passage to civilization and they needed an extra hand, he was invited to be the third member of the crew. The vessel was an ex-rum-runner the trappers had bought cheaply in Vancouver and sailed to the Arctic several years before. I knew Watson and Purcell well, sailed with them in the *Audrey B* several times under difficult conditions, and finally, having made two voyages from the Arctic to Vancouver in H B C vessels (one of which, the *Baychimo*, we lost), I know something of the hazards. Chiefly for these reasons I found the book interesting if sometimes tedious in form.

The voyage was a remarkable feat. Watson and Purcell were essentially trappers and woodsmen, and good ones at that. They were not seamen or engineers, and yet they sailed their 100-foot twin-diesel-engined craft throughout Western Arctic waters for years and finally brought her successfully (with de Poncins' help which was much less skilled than their own), to Vancouver through the fog and ice floes near Point Barrow and the stormy and dangerous waters of the Bering Sea and North Pacific Ocean. Nor did they hug the coast, except around northern Alaska where there is nothing else to do. In particular they sailed direct from Dutch Harbour to Vancouver Island, a most courageous course for landlubbers in what was actually a pretty flimsy motor-boat.

De Poncins, an artistic Frenchman, failed utterly to understand his two hard-bitten Canadian shipmates who, after years virtually alone in the north, conversed together in monosyllables, if at all, and infrequently with De Poncins who was equally beyond *their* comprehension.

The description of the voyage itself is good. There is a particularly interesting story of whaling and a whaling station in the Aleutians that they visited. Too much space is taken up on the other hand trying to analyse the actions and characters of Watson and Purcell who certainly did not ask for all this attention in print and probably resent it, just as Paddy Gibson resented the public discussion of his private life by De Poncins in *Kabloona*.

Again there is much "philosophizing" about the manners and customs of people all over the world who have nothing to do with this voyage. During his long lone watches the author frequently recalls and recounts events or discussions of earlier travels in Polynesia or other remote areas or even takes us back to *Kabloona* experiences to prove this or that contention.

An epic voyage and a readable book but not up to *Kabloona* standards. However, Vicomte de Poncins has done something worth while in putting on record the voyage of the *Audrey B*, because certainly neither Art Watson nor Slim Purcell would ever have done so.

I MARRIED THE KLONDIKE, by Laura Beatrice Berton. Little, Brown and Company, Boston and Toronto, 1954. 269 pages. $4.50.

THE GOLDEN TRAIL, by Pierre Berton. MacMillan, Toronto, 1954. 147 pages. $2.00.

THE YUKON, by Arthur Cherry Hinton with Philip H. Godsell. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1954. 184 pages. $3.75.

Reviewed by W. D. MacBride

LAURA Berton's book is a unique and valuable addition to Yukonia. She has given us a most intriguing personal narrative of Yukon pioneer living down to the smallest detail—sourdough bread, caribou steaks, salmon slices broiled over a camp fire, fresh Dawson blueberry pie; the roadhouse rooms which required no loud-speaker

•Mr. Bonnycastle was manager of the Western Arctic district for the H B C.

•Mr. MacBride is president of the Yukon Historical Society.

system. Having known many of the characters named and most of the anecdotes, I am unable to find any factual errors of consequence. While the Canadian Rockies end near Lower Post on the Liard River in British Columbia, the other ranges are but continuations. On page 112, Mrs. Berton mentions a stage driver Webster and his eight-foot habitant braided sash. This sash is now in the Whitehorse Museum, having been presented by Mr. Webster's sister-in-law. Mrs. Berton's references to certain prominent people either by name or by thinly veiled *noms de plume* have in some cases been criticised or deplored by existing friends or relatives. With this exception her book has received the accolade of all the Yukoners who have read it.

It is seldom that both mother and son offer books on the same subject in the same year. *The Golden Trail*, being produced as a part of an historical series for young people, is really a classic condensed story. To clarify a few items:
Page 13. "Devil's Club." Believe this bush not in Yukon. Is found on Alaska coastal slope.
Page 22. Carmack's discovery claim was recorded at Ft. Constantine (40 Mile) Sept. 24, 1896, "On creek known as Bonanza flowing into Klondike river," and signed by C. Constantine of the N.W.M. Police.
Page 44. Alec. McDonald died in January 1912 while splitting wood on his claim at Clear Creek, a tributary of Stewart River. His remains were conveyed to Dawson City by dog team.
Page 121. "Fifty deaths" in Whitehorse Rapids. I believe the R.C.M.P. records show eighteen deaths, but there were undoubtedly some drownings not on record.

As a brief and well written history of the Klondike Gold Rush, with many little known historical facts, I can highly recommend *The Golden Trail*.

Now we come to *The Yukon*. It was my lot to render some assistance to Mr. Hinton, while he was in charge of War Assets office in Whitehorse, in the way of loaning him many historical books, clippings, etc. This publication offers a new treatment of the Yukon story, in that it embraces the mouth of the Mackenzie, Yukon's Arctic coast and the Alaska Highway; *vide* Philip H. Godsell's classic, *The Romance of the Alaska Highway*. These two authors have provided an extremely interesting and informative addition to Yukon literature and have added much historical data not ordinarily found in northern tomes. Again I might clarify some statements made:
Page 1. "Celestials." No Chinese were allowed to enter the Yukon for many years.
Page 13. "Seventy below" in Skagway. Being on the Pacific ocean slightly tempered by the Japan current, temperatures at Skagway do not drop lower than 30 degrees below zero.
Page 20. "Untold miles of bunting"?
Page 63. The statement that supplies had to be shipped from Skagway to Dyea is hardly correct. Supplies for Dyea were transferred from ocean steamers to lighters and landed on Dyea beach direct.
Page 67. Lake "Linderman." Should be "Lindeman." This lake is near the head of Lake Bennett, not at the foot of Chilkoot Pass.
Pages 73-75. Starting with last paragraph with sentence "On May 27, 1889" (should be 1898), I note with interest that Mr. Hinton included word for word a portion of my article on the White Pass and Yukon Route without the use of quotation marks or other acknowledgment. This wording first appeared in an information circular issued to travellers under my name, and later in the *Beaver* of Autumn, 1954.
Pages 45, 95-96. The references to public services of Capt. and Mrs. George Black are rather sketchy and not quite correct. Capt. Black resigned the position of Commissioner, Yukon Territory, in 1916, to take 150 Yukoners known as "The Black Contingent," overseas in World War I. In 1921 he was elected Yukon member of Parliament, which position he held until his illness in 1935; was Speaker of House of Commons, 1930 to 1935. Mrs. Black was then elected member in 1936 and held office until next election when Capt. Black was re-elected, retiring from political life after the last election. The title of Mrs. Black's book is "My Seventy Years," not "My Seventy Years *In The Yukon*."

NORTH AMERICAN MOOSE, by Randolph L. Peterson, University of Toronto Press, 1955. 280 pages. $12.50.

Reviewed by R. W. Sutton

HERE is a book—the wildlife biologist might well call it a bible—long needed and hence doubly welcome in the field of wildlife management.

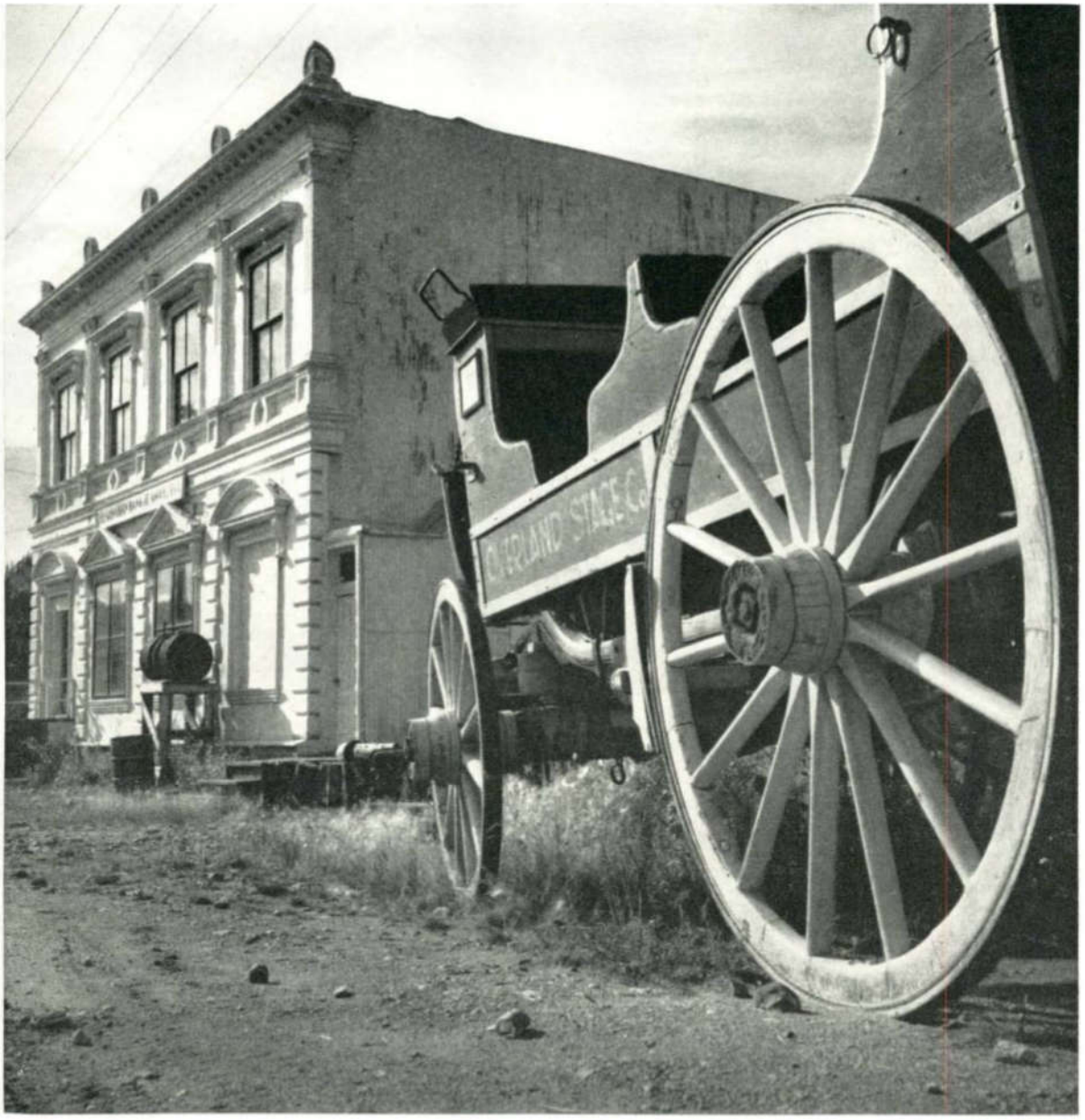
The moose problem—depredation, diseases, hunting pressure—is one that, for years, has given rise to much discussion amongst conservation agencies and sportsmen's groups. Data on the moose has, in this writer's experience, been available only to the man with the time and effort necessary to wade through many widely varied texts, extracting from each, in bits and pieces, the information he requires. Too often the results of such searches are hardly worth the time involved.

Now we have *the* Moose book. In this work, obviously the result of much arduous toil in the laboratory and in the field, Dr. Peterson has presented virtually all that is worth knowing about the moose in North America.

Beginning with the various races of moose throughout the world, the author traces the history of the moose in America from pre-historic times to the present. The greater part of this book deals with those matters that directly concern the conservation and management of moose—hunting statistics, complete life history, calf mortality, growth rate, food habits, disease, parasites, population studies, effects of predators, hunting regulations and many other moose problems.

North American Moose is a "must," not only for the professional biologist, but for all groups seriously interested in the status of the moose in our country.

• Mr. Sutton is director of the Manitoba Museum.



Old stage coach, and bank, at Dawson, Y.T. *Rosemary Gilliat*

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